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LETTERS AND MEMORIALS
OF
WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON



Wendell Phillips Garrison

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LETTERS AND MEMORIALS
OF
WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON

LITERARY EDITOR OF
"THE NATION"
1865-1906

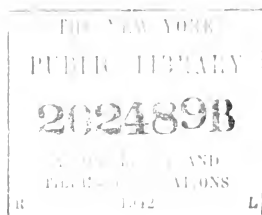


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1909



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••• The frontispiece portrait of Mr. Garrison is from a photograph taken in October, 1894, by George G. Rockwood, of New York.

INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

THE aim of this volume, designed primarily as a pious and filial memorial, is to exhibit some of the varied tastes and interests of the late editor of the *Nation*, his principles and convictions, his editorial methods and ideals, and some of the influences which shaped his spirit and conduct. In attempting this it was obviously best, as far as possible, to let him speak for himself; though he hid himself with so much modest effacement under the mask of editorship, he had his word to say which concerns a wider circle than that of his immediate family and friends, albeit his friends were many and devoted. No attempt was made to expand the brief biographical notice which appeared in the *Nation* and the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, nor would he himself have desired or approved it. His quiet life had its crises; but they were for the novelist rather than for the biographer. The writer of the "Premium on Aggression" and of the verses in this book had evidently his emotions and his central fires. It was a curious feature of his make-up that a man so careful of commas and of dotting *i*'s should at times find natural vent and expression in the geyser-jet of a sonnet.

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The letters here printed are, naturally, such only as came to hand. The family and friends of the late editor are under genuine obligations to the correspondents who thus risked a publicity which, on due reflection, will not be misinterpreted or misconstrued. Though they omit certain sides of his tastes and interests, they are a fairly characteristic selection. Evidently it arranged itself into certain groups, and was intelligible only by virtue of such arrangement. The later letters, containing some autobiography and purely personal details, could hardly be spared by those who loved the writer. They offer an image of the defeated hopes and the pathetic ironies which are common to us all, faced with the courage and sweet reasonableness which was his abiding trait. He was disappointed of that long Indian Summer which he had earned, that scholarly calm and leisure which would have blest his friends with its mellow fruit.

The greater part of the letters have one special merit: they admit us to the editor's workshop — they reveal, on the whole, the secret of his extraordinary fitness for his profession, his attention to detail, his painstaking accuracy, his unwearied interest in everything pertaining to his craft. He had, for example, prepared most of the material for an exhaustive treatise on punctuation and syllabication, which began with the usage of Latin and Greek manuscripts and embraced a synopsis of the most careful practice

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in French, Italian, German, and English. Some specimens of this larger work are included, because of their permanent value and the vivacity with which this instruction is conveyed. As a reader for the Oxford Dictionary, he wrote, for many years, the brief notices which at one time used to bring a solitary ray of true appreciation to Dr. Murray's heart. The letters addressed to X. and to A. (pp. 100, 101) are a sample of the endless patience, the almost quixotic labor, which his courtesy imposed upon his editorial conscience. He would write a post-card to settle the question of a hyphen. Writers who have had the largest experience of editors and their dealings can best say how often such courtesy and painstaking have come within their ken.

Of his larger gifts and fitness for editorship, the *Nation* itself is a sufficient monument. His apprenticeship began early. As a matter of course his collegiate standing was very high, and he carried off from Harvard College an adequate and serviceable preparation for his future work. He took a catholic interest in a wide range of subjects, from geology to Greek literature. At the very period when Mr. Charles Francis Adams was a voice crying in the wilderness for the modern languages, Mr. Garrison came away with an accurate and sufficient introduction to German, French, and Italian literature — so intimate and vital that it is witnessed repeatedly

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in his verses, his correspondence, and his editorial work. At the same time he practised his pen in the *Harvard Magazine*, he corrected proof in the office of the *Liberator*, and he managed to find time to supervise the education of his brother Francis, a service of love and duty that could never be forgotten. He was therefore not a journalist by accident. He swept all this experience into his net. While he had a capacity for endless and varied labor, he applied to his task the other qualities, which are inborn and not made, and to which the congratulatory letters of contributors are a significant testimonial. Though permission was given to print them in this volume as a contribution to the appreciation of Mr. Garrison's work, they were, of course, purely personal and private — a fact which imposes a certain discretion, while their cordial spontaneity, which was never intended for the public eye, trebles their significance. Some names appear among them which had nothing to gain or lose from any connection with the *Nation*. In fact, Mr. Garrison, at times, could persuade men to write for him who would write for no one else. Moreover, he used to detect, here and there, some remote personage — not necessarily decorated in "Who's Who" or in the pages of "Minerva" — who could serve his purpose exactly, and could furnish what he needed in precisely the form and finish which his exacting taste demanded. For such shy cattle he

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had a sure and trained instinct — the scent of the Laconian hound.

One luxury he permitted himself in the very press of business — he made friends in the pursuit of his profession. At least one half of his contributors had never seen his face and knew him only by his editorial correspondence. But hardly a letter or a post-card left his hand which did not contain some kindly or considerate message — something personal, whimsical, or humorous, which drew his correspondents into the circle of his friends. He spread his network of delicate, sympathetic filaments to the ends of the world, enmeshing people in Brazil, or Guiana, or Japan, who responded with a heartiness, enthusiasm, and devotion that seemed almost unreasonable. So wide a current seldom runs so deep. People in distant cities toasted him on his fortieth anniversary of service, or scolded playfully because they had missed the chance of adding their names to the testimonial. While he had this rare aptitude for friendship, he steered clear of the temptations which friendship begets for the editor. No sign appears in his letters or his practice of the literary *camaraderie*, so precious and alluring in itself, so malapropos when it peeps out of that palace of Truth where the genuine critic is at home.

It has been said that the *Nation* gave the impression of having been entirely written by one man. So

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far as there was any truth in this fancy, it meant mainly that each contributor did his best for a chief who was sure to appreciate his best and to take pride in it. But there was no enforced uniformity. The fact is that he printed long articles with the views of which he disagreed in detail, even on subjects where he had special information and prepossessions. He preferred to give his reviewer a free hand: he wanted only sincerity and fitness: he asked no better treatment for his own best friend than the candid judgment of an expert.

The extracts from the *Nation* include some specimens of the editorials which he permitted himself somewhat rarely, and which are most characteristic. No attempt was made to trace out material for a complete collection — which, indeed, he would himself have disapproved. The search for such traces was, in fact, like hunting for one who tries to hide himself. His hand rarely showed itself, except in the Notes; he was occupied in grouping to the best advantage the labors of others, in arranging with unfailing skill and taste the weekly symphony. The test of his standards and his ideal remains fresh and abiding. Not merely did he lay up treasures for reference; but, in fact, as our librarians appreciate, a judicious reader could never be lonesome in a lighthouse, so long as he might turn over the files of that little depository of the thought and the life processes of the world.

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The arrangement of these extracts, while deliberately avoiding chronology, follows an order which will assist the reader in reconstructing some sides of Mr. Garrison's tastes and talents and character. The Reform of the Senate, presented more eloquently in the *Nation*, was more fully set forth in the *Atlantic* for August, 1891. The notice of Samuel E. Sewall stands alone as a specimen of his many contributions on anti-slavery subjects; because his *magnum opus* in that direction already exists in the "Life of William Lloyd Garrison." The biographical sketch of General Jacob Dolson Cox is a good specimen of those memorial tributes to the most honored of his contributors which he wrote *con amore*, indulging himself with ample room and verge. Others of the same class are the obituary notices of Fitz-Edward Hall and of Madame Jesse White Mario.

Nothing in this volume reveals, or could reveal fully, the essence of that spell which Mr. Garrison laid on all who met him in his daily life, — his thoughtful consideration for those who were nearest, even if not dearest — the devotion of his service to his friends, or to many who, not being his friends, had any claim of need or embarrassment. He illustrated in his practice the possibility of that "brotherhood of man" which is to most of us a sentiment as vague and faint as the wind among the reeds, or the sound of an Æolian harp. He illustrated that rare

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tact which is, in effect, the distillation of kindly feeling through the brain. It was the constant atmosphere and breath of his life. It won the nurses and attendants in the hospital, as he lay on his death-bed, to a sort of reverent affection. In some of these traits he was the true son of his great father.

The interesting letter which explains "The New Gulliver" contains an *obiter* confession which should not be unduly emphasized. It is a confession which he might have expanded or modified, but would not have withdrawn. It is far from being a profession of faith or unfaith. His real profession consisted in the silent discharge of duty to his friends, to his neighbors and fellow citizens, to mankind, without rest, without sparing his strength, with perpetual abnegation, in the spirit of sweetness, and of conscience illuminated by the intellectual light. By his devotion to a reasoned morality, by his absolute surrender to the voice within, he belonged to the tribe of Socrates, and followed that high and solitary pathway, not asking the warm companionship of Christian faith and hopes which sustained his father's ideals. A single generation of scientific thought and training brought about this divergence, which is not so important as it looks. The garb of the saint, or moral hero, changes from century to century; his essence does not greatly change. In the twelfth or thirteenth century, both father and son might have been leaders of the band

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of St. Francis of Assisi. To the eye of the final Arbiter watching our wandering through this beguiling and illusory labyrinth of life, the paths of a Socrates and a St. Francis may run parallel, and at last converge to the same goal.

J. H. McDANIELS.

GENEVA, N. Y., November 1, 1908.

WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON

WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON¹

WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON, for forty-one years editor of the *New York Nation*, died at Dr. Runyon's sanitarium, South Orange, New Jersey, February 27, 1907, after several months of declining health, which he bore with a Stoic's fortitude and more than a Stoic's cheerfulness. He was the third son of William Lloyd Garrison, the Abolitionist, and his wife Helen Eliza Benson, and was born in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, June 4, 1840. He passed an eventful boyhood in the paternal home, amid the agitation of the anti-slavery struggle and the events leading up to the Civil War. He attended the Boston public schools, — the Quincy, the Dwight, and the Latin, and entered Harvard in 1857. He took high rank in college, graduated in 1861, and, after two years of private teaching and tutoring, embarked on journalism, his first employment being in January, 1864, with the *New York Independent*, then edited by Theodore Tilton.

In July, 1865, he became associated with Edwin Lawrence Godkin in founding the *Nation*, a jour-

¹ From the *Nation* of March 7, 1907, and *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, June, 1907.

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nal devoted to high literary criticism and lofty political ideals. As assistant editor of the *Nation* Mr. Garrison had charge of the literary side of the new weekly, and early assumed the laboring oar in its general management, Mr. Godkin devoting himself more and more to the editorial writing. On matters of principle Mr. Garrison was as unyielding as Mr. Godkin, but in his personal dealings with his contributors he was more tactful and less brusque, and it was unquestionably due to these qualities that he drew to the *Nation* and kept a staff of writers and reviewers which comprised the leading men of letters and science in this country and in Europe. With many of these Mr. Garrison entered into life-long relations, in the course of which the editorial connection often became that of warm personal friendship. This was clearly evidenced on July 6, 1905, when more than two hundred of the *Nation's* staff contributors presented him with a silver vase of great beauty, inscribed by Goldwin Smith as a recognition of "forty years of able, upright, and truly patriotic work in the editorship of the *Nation*." The accompanying congratulatory note signed by the donors assured Mr. Garrison that he had made "the *Nation* for more than a generation the chief literary journal in America — the medium of the best criticism, and the mouthpiece of high intellectual ideals."

During that long period there were very few issues

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of the *Nation* which he did not personally make up and see through the press, reading all the proofs, preparing the elaborate index to each volume, and doing a vast amount of editorial labor to the end of maintaining the paper's high standard of scholarly accuracy and typographical excellence, and all the while he carried on an immense correspondence with his contributors and others, with his own pen, a personal touch that was keenly appreciated by them. It is doubtful if his forty-one years of unremitting literary labor have been paralleled in the history of American periodical editorship. He also reviewed many books, particularly those relating to slavery and to the lives and works of Rousseau and Erasmus, upon whom he wrote with authority.

For the first sixteen years the *Nation* was an independent property. In 1881 it was combined with the New York *Evening Post* by Mr. Henry Villard, Mr. Garrison's brother-in-law, Mr. Godkin becoming, with Horace White and Carl Schurz, one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, and within two years editor-in-chief. Under the new arrangement Mr. Garrison became literary editor of the *Evening Post* and editor-in-charge of the *Nation*. This position he held until his retirement on June 28, 1906, because of the rapid failure of his health, after forty-one years of association with the *Nation*.

His editorial duties confined him so closely to his

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office — he took only one real vacation, in 1884, when he spent two months in Europe — that he had but little leisure for other literary work. In 1872 he published “The Benson Family of Newport, Rhode Island,” a genealogy of his mother’s stock. He also contributed occasionally to the magazines. But his great work was the “Life of William Lloyd Garrison” (1885–89), an elaborate four-volume biography, in which he and his brother, Francis Jackson Garrison, collaborated. They made it such a record of their father’s activity in behalf of the emancipation of the slave and many other reforms, that it must remain the standard history of the Abolition movement. To this monumental task Mr. Garrison devoted his spare hours during ten years, setting apart at least one day each week for the necessary research and writing, and producing a work that is notable among biographies for its wealth of citations, its scrupulous references to authorities, its fairness and candor, and the literary skill with which history and biography are combined.

Mr. Garrison published, also, “What Mr. Darwin saw on his Voyage around the World” (1879); a collection of “Bedside Poetry” (1887), for the instruction of children; “A Parent’s Assistant in Moral Discipline”; and “The Mother’s Register.” Some of his own verse was privately printed under the title, “Sonnets and Lyrics of the Ever-Womanly”

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(1898). "Parables for School and Home" (1897) and "The New Gulliver" (1898) were the last of Mr. Garrison's published works, but in 1904 appeared the "Memoirs of Henry Villard," the autobiography of his brother-in-law, which he edited. In 1891 he printed a memorial of his mother-in-law, Sarah A. McKim.

As an appreciation of his services to literature and politics, Harvard University bestowed upon Mr. Garrison the honorary degree of A. M. in 1895. From his undergraduate days he worked for the abolition of compulsory prayers, and in 1886 he had the satisfaction of seeing that result attained at Harvard.

From 1866 to the close of his life Mr. Garrison resided at Llewellyn Park, Orange, New Jersey. He served for more than seventeen years on the school board of West Orange, and also was for years a member of the board of directors of the State Geological Survey of New Jersey. He founded the New England Society of Orange, which grew to be a large and useful organization, promoting local interests.

Mr. Garrison was twice married: first, in 1865, to Lucy McKim, of Philadelphia, daughter of J. Miller McKim, one of the founders of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and sister of Charles F. McKim, the architect. She died in 1877. In 1891 he married Mrs. Anne McKim Dennis, who died in 1893. He is survived by a son and daughter, Mr. Philip McKim

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Garrison (H. C. 1890), of Orange, New Jersey, and Mrs. Charles Dyer Norton, of Lake Forest, Illinois. His oldest son, Lloyd McKim Garrison (H. C. 1888), died in 1900.

The following appreciation, by one of Mr. Garrison's younger colleagues, appeared in the *Nation* of March 7, 1907 :—

Self-effacement was so the law of Mr. Garrison's being that, even now when his lips can no longer frame a protest, one hesitates to essay his praise. It was his lifelong joy to sink himself in his work. For twenty-five years literary editor of the *Evening Post*, he seldom put his name to anything he wrote in its columns. If he had been an artist, it would have been his preference to leave all his paintings unsigned. To the discerning, however, his true monument is visible in those eighty-two volumes of the *Nation* which passed under his vigilant eye and amending pen, and into which he poured, in all of Milton's meaning, the precious life-blood of a master-spirit.

Uneventful outwardly, Mr. Garrison's life was yet singularly intense. It was intense in an austere idealism, ever conscious of the obligation of his name; intense in devotion to the labor which was his delight; intense in the discharge of every duty as a citizen and in the unwavering fidelity and unselfish services of friendship. His close association for thirty-seven

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years with Mr. E. L. Godkin was one of the most remarkable editorial relations that ever existed. With unbounded admiration and loyalty for his chief, Mr. Garrison brought to his assistance a nice scholarship, a patient scrutiny, a calm judgment, and a noble sympathy. When Mr. Garrison received, in 1905, the impressive tribute from his eminent list of contributors to the *Nation*, in celebration of his forty years with that journal, his first instinct was to pass on the laurel to Mr. Godkin. He spoke of himself as but a pupil of that "great writer and master political moralist, whom with admiring eyes I saw

"Mount in his glorious course on competent wing."

Nor was Mr. Godkin unaware of the rare qualities of his colleague. Writing to Mr. Garrison in 1883, he said: "If anything goes wrong with you, I will retire into a monastery. You are the one steady and constant man I have ever had to do with." And he set great store by Mr. Garrison's disciplined opinions on public affairs. Thus he wrote to him in 1891: "Your article makes me regret for the hundredth time that you have not been able all these years to write more. I know no better political philosopher. I can safely say that, in twenty-five years of perils by land and sea, there is nobody from whose advice and arguments I have got so much comfort and courage." Yet Mr. Garrison's invincible modesty

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would not suffer such acknowledgments to go without abatement. "On cool reflection," he once wrote, "I am conscious how slight Mr. Godkin's debt to me is in comparison with mine to him. . . . Oftener than not, in doubtful cases when appeal has been made to my judgment, I have simply confirmed his first impulse or his phraseology. Perhaps my sympathy and support, understood rather than expressed, have been more to him than I suspected.'

Between Mr. Garrison and the large corps of *Nation* reviewers and writers which he built up, and brought with him to the *Evening Post*, there existed a peculiar, almost a family, feeling. He watched over them with an interest and pride well-nigh of kinship. The relation was, to him, less editorial than fraternal. There must be thousands of his letters, written out in that beautiful hand of his, and with his marvelous felicity and justness of expression, still in the possession of his contributors as a witness to his high conception of the tie that bound him to them. No one could surpass him in discriminating encouragement. Even in his later years he kept a young heart and a keen eye for rising writers. He thought of his band of workers as one continually to be renewed by the influx of youth; and if youth brought, at first, immaturity and awkwardness, none so patient and tactful as Mr. Garrison in bearing with it and correcting it. Critical severity he could convey

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with the most exquisite delicacy — wreathing it in the garlands of friendship.

To be, rather than to produce, was always the first motive with Mr. Garrison. To him, life was more than books. And how high he pitched his life, every man who was ever long in touch with his grave courtesy, his unfailing kindness, his unbending integrity, and his lofty ideals, would enthusiastically testify. To be in contact with him even in a newspaper office was to have one's admiration for him kindled and continually heightened; while those admitted to the intimacies of his friendship cannot find words to do justice to his faithfulness and self-sacrificing ardor in bestowing a favor or anticipating a need. Mr. Garrison impressed all who knew him as a man of the well-fibred virtues of an elder day. He nourished himself on inward and hidden strength. One felt that his soul dwelt apart, yet one saw him cheerfully laying the lowliest duties upon himself. In the total combination of nearly ascetic sternness with himself and infinite consideration for others, we shall not soon look upon his like again.



LETTERS



I

TO WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

November 19, 1891.

DEAR MR. THAYER, — I am glad to learn of your *magnum opus*, which is much needed. I have before indicated, I think, that your view of Mazzini seems low to me (from the spiritual and ideal side). My father was a good judge of men of his own nature, and he and Mazzini were warm friends, though one was a non-resistant and the other a forcible conspirator.

Very cordially yours,

W. P. GARRISON.

November 24, 1891.

I hasten to acknowledge my incompetency to dispute with you over Mazzini's actual influence upon the unification of Italy beyond the cultivation of his ideal. Still, there is danger, when we hold a brief for the compromisers or the "practical" statesmen, of assuming that what happened was necessary because it did happen. It will always be a matter of debate whether the straightforward, simply moral course would not have been better in practice; and in Lin-

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coln's case we too often attribute to his sagacity what was only a sluggish growth in principle, and a learning by experience that the moralists who were all the time pressing him had grasped the situation truly long before he had.

January 30, 1892.

I quite agree with you that the more the facts come out, the less will Harrison's bellicoseness ¹ count in his favor as a candidate for reëlection. We have passed through a very humiliating phase of political profligacy, which shows that the national conscience is hardly purer than when the Mexican War was planned and fought out. In fact, we lacked with Chili the piratical excuse of annexation.

June 13, 1892.

So far as I can understand the nature of the new Magazine,² I agree with you in thinking that success will largely depend on cash payments. Certainly the editor must be salaried. Still, I should hope there could be a good deal of disinterested volunteering. Much will depend, too, on the character of the conductors and on first impressions of the form, taste, and beauty of the printed matter. I have never forgiven the *Harvard Monthly* for its vulgar typo-

¹ At this time President Harrison was bullying Chili.

² *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine.*

TO WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

graphy. It will be well worth while to have sample pages set up and discussed by men who know what good book-making is.

July 7, 1892.

I saw with pleasure the notice of your appointment, in connection with Mr. Bolles, to the editorship of the *H. G. M.*, for it is a guarantee of sense and discretion in the management. Still, confidence in this direction is somewhat shaken by your asking me to contribute to it! The reason is, that I am seldom satisfied with any writing that I do for set occasions; and then, even when I feel the necessary prompting, I distrust my ability to persuade. My best thoughts, such as they are, I have often seen fall flat and on barren ground. But again, I desire to avoid the appearance of speaking in meeting too often, especially as I generally speak in criticism, if at all. And, finally, the health of my wife makes it imprudent for me to engage to do anything in the future.

On the whole, I think you had better not count upon me at all for the first number; but I will take from now till Sunday to reconsider the matter and give you a final answer next week.

The question of the typography of the *H. G. M.* ought not to be discussed away from the printing-office. Do you use the University Press? Then consult with Mr. Wilson and let him set up some dummy page in various styles. It is the only safe way.

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As regards the double and single columns I have no opinion, without seeing the specimen pages, except that there is no incongruity whatever in combining the two in the same periodical. *Le Livre* used to be an example of this, if I remember rightly, and was so contrived that the two parts could be bound separately. This might not be worth seeking for in your magazine.

The *Forum* is not, to my eye, a model of good printing. It is not an elegant-looking magazine, and there is no reason why yours should not be. The proportions of the type-page are the first study, and here you will be conditioned by your double columns, for the narrow margin becomes the unit of the page as a whole. Then, the size of the type for the narrow measure should bear a relation to the measure itself; otherwise, there will be too irregular spacing. You can see this in the *Nation* any time. A long monosyllabic word coming at the end of a line has to be taken over, and leaves an ugly gap to be redistributed in the spacing as it may.

So, take the printer into your counsels from the first, and trust not to imagination but to sight.

I regret that I have at hand no periodicals to refer you to for examples. I believe the English to be in the main in advance of us, and at the Athenæum or the Public or the Harvard College Library you would have a fine choice.

TÔ WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

July 11, 1892.

A bright day yesterday and an improved domestic bill of health enabled me to carry out my desire to serve you. I have written in the measure you prescribed — 1500 words or thereabouts — and I can copy it off in short metre, but I prefer to keep it by me for a few days till it gets “cold.” When you receive it, exercise your judgment freely in regard to accepting it. If accepted, remember it is *vera pro gratis*, as I cannot work in that way for money; and let me see a proof, as my hand sometimes perplexes the compositor.

The more I appreciate the advantage (for being listened to) of appearing in your first number, the more I doubt my capacity to help make the number attractive. So once again I bid you judge and strike fearlessly. Signed articles are of course *de rigueur*.

August 27, 1892.

I return the proof of my article, and will venture the suggestion that, if it be not too late, you veto the custom of your Press and insist on italicising the names of *periodicals*, as I have suggested on p. 13. See there how the “Dickey,” “The Crimson,” etc., are treated alike as if periodicals. If you have gone too far in the present number to undo, throw consistency to the winds and get to italics in No. 2. It is absurd to quote these names in Roman, and to make a fetish of uniformity.

LETTERS

October 12, 1892.

If my article ¹ in the Magazine is read, the shortness of it appears to be justified. The Harvard men whose opinions of it I have chanced to learn, have not been flattering to my vanity as a reformer, but I trust the reading has done them no harm, and that in the end they will at least praise your catholicity in admitting it. I myself would also applaud Mr. Bolles for chronicling the Dickey controversy of '91; but I wish he had been able to print the exact language of the pledge given to the Faculty.

The notice of Tennyson ² was by J. W. Chadwick. As a *H. U.* Divinity, 1864, he perhaps deserves that you should mention the circumstance in your next notes, unless the rule *De minimis* applies here.

Best thanks for your hospitable bid to Cambridge. I have been trying for six years to get to Boston, without success.

January 4, 1893.

Certainly you shall have the *Nation* in exchange for the *H. G. M.* I'm glad you bespoke it. As I wrote C. F. Adams the other day, who had "let his *Nation* slide," both politics and literature are more effective in the *Nation* than in the *Post* because

¹ "The Alumnus and his Son," printed in vol. i, pp. 13-16, of the *H. G. M.*

² In the *Nation* after Tennyson's death on October 6, 1892.

TO WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

better massed and more orderly arranged. I am ready to greet the new number of the *H. G. M.*

The gift of your history ¹ is a most agreeable surprise, for which I thank you heartily. My reading of it will not be either forced or perfunctory, though I shall commit the review to a better student than myself. I own a weakness for things Italian, and in fact I am re-reading Massimo d'Azeglio's "Niccolò de' Lapi," which, for all it is a historical novel, is one of the documents of New Italy, to the text, "Che fan quì tante pellegrine spade."

Let me enjoy your surprise in turn by sending you a work covering the same ground as yours, written in Italian by an Englishman. As I might overwhelm your reviewer by giving him both works at once, I will entrust you with the noticing of this at your leisure.

January 24, 1893.

In place of your article *by* Phillips Brooks,² you will probably bespeak one *concerning* him. He was certainly a great liberal force in his denomination and profession, and in the community. It therefore all the more disconcerted me at the time when I was catechizing candidates for the Overseers on their attitude towards compulsory prayers, not only to get no support from him, but to find him treating the

¹ *The Dawn of Italian Independence.*

² Phillips Brooks died January 21, 1893.

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reform movement in an almost flippant way. My father-in-law, Mr. McKim, became warmly attached to him in the days of the Freedmen's Aid Association.

February 4, 1893.

I have just laid down your second volume,¹ finished, and have to thank you for a high degree of interest and pleasure in the perusal, and for a solid addition to my slender stock of information concerning the epoch under review.

My praise of your performance would not be worth much, but I can at least testify to the impression of candor left by it, and that is certainly a prime merit. On the whole you award more to Mazzini than I had expected from our previous correspondence, and what you say of his vague utterances that seemed so definite and plausible to his hearers, corresponds to my experience in attempting to read a work of his in my father's library: its abstractions were intolerable to my mind accustomed to the very practical declaration and policy of the abolitionists.

I will requite my debt to you ungraciously by pointing out three microscopic errors in Vol. II — the first on p. 94, line 12 from the bottom, where *lay* is a slip for *laid*. In the last line of p. 143 we must either read *Brescia* for *Peschiera*, or perhaps *west* for *southeast*. On p. 186, line 3, it is clearly the *left*

¹ *The Dawn of Italian Independence.*

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wing of the Piedmontese army that is intended — not the *right*. I trust, in no merely complimentary sense, that a second edition will soon be called for in which these rectifications can be made. Meantime I congratulate you on having produced so graphic and inspiring a work, and thank you anew for enriching my library with it.

December 8, 1893.

I heartily congratulate you upon your marriage, and hope with you that I shall some day make the acquaintance of your wife. Your hospitable entreaty brings up the rear of a long list of similar invitations from Cambridge men who know me only as editor of the *Nation*. To be that, I have to endure a mollusc's existence, and scarcely budge from my desk and bedroom. I can only say it would give me great pleasure.

Your Dec. *H. G. M.* is here, and I still look in vain for that open-letter department I once bespoke. I feel now, not like writing an *article* on football, but like writing a brief communication to reiterate my conviction that the only radical cure for the abuse of athletics is to shut down on intercollegiate contests, or team-playing away from the college grounds.

April 21, 1894.

As Barante's volume is just in line with your Italian studies, I make no apology for sending you

LETTERS

the enclosed proof. Some of the proper names are not to be found in the ordinary dictionaries, and should you discover any error I shall be thankful to be notified of it.

I am planning to go on Monday to Boston for a week, and shall give a day to Cambridge. If I chance to find you at home among the multitude of calls I am tempted to make, I shall be glad, but I shall not detain you long.

May 3, 1894.

It was a great disappointment to me to accomplish so little in Cambridge in my scant $1\frac{1}{2}$ days there, with no evening. You must imagine a man endeavoring to "catch up" after eight years' absence, and in hours when most of the instructors were more likely to be out than in.

Your brevity in the case of Brown ¹ is appreciated. I suppose my occasional indulgence misleads many of my contributors into imagining the *Nation* to be infinitely elastic.

June 16, 1894.

I will look out for the Phillips Brooks report.

It has puzzled me to account for the reversal of Eliot's Class portrait in the *H. G. M.*, unless the original was a daguerre. A Harvard man the other day wished he had a die for stamping your wreathed gate-vignette upon the cover of his bound *H. G. M.*

¹ H. F. Brown's *Life on the Lagoons*.

TO WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

Would it pay to provide such? or to have one die made and sell the gilt imprints on crimson (?) leather which could be glued on to the other side of the cover? I visited the new Harvard House¹ here yesterday. It is lovely within and without. I am hoping my son will have an inspiration to change one line of his feeling verses before they get into print. I liked them for what they refrained from containing — all boastfulness, even the *name* of Harvard. I thought no Yale man could have written thus.

August 8, 1894.

I find that the *Post* has made very exhaustive arrangements for the Bryant centennial,² and expects to leave very little for the morning papers to pick up; so your proposition confines itself to the *Nation*, and I can manage if I receive the MS. on Monday, August 20, though I might not be able to let you see a proof.

A page would suit me better than a page and a half, but I could stand the latter if necessary (say three thousand words). You can hardly attempt a report, but may give some report of the weight of the invited guests and of the local feeling, and add what pictur-

¹ New York Harvard Club house, 29 West 44th Street; formally opened June 12, 1894. Lloyd McK. Garrison's poem is printed in the *H. G. M.* for September, 1894, vol. iii, p. 27.

² Celebration of W. C. Bryant's Centennial at Cummington, Massachusetts, on August 16, 1894.

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esqueness you can. Is this not our first poetic centennial?

November 9, 1894.

Your congratulations ¹ are highly appreciated. The problem in this city was really to crush the Republican Machine, the Democratic being hopelessly Tammany. The red herring of national party politics being removed, there was a straight issue between thieves and honest men, who happily outnumber the thieves. The latter we shall have with us always. Whether the Committee of Seventy and the Good Government Clubs can definitively suppress the Republican Machine, the future must decide.

December 10, 1894.

The *H. G. M.* (these letters somehow always remind me of the Grand Old Man) has not yet come to hand. I will work prayerfully at the article you mention.² I am firm in the faith that President Harper of Chicago must be put down. He would cling to the *inter* at all hazards. I am for collegiate (home) athletics only.

February 16, 1895.

Herewith I redeem my promise to you.³ Yesterday I had a line from Prof. Fiske, whose library and villa

¹ On the New York City election.

² On intercollegiate athletics.

³ W. P. G. had promised some letters of introduction.

TO WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

will enchant you. I learn that he and Charles Dudley Warner are planning a tour of Spain in June.

The football article is very sensible and encouraging. It lacks only the recommendation that *inter-collegiate* athletics be abolished. That is the stronghold of kindergarten fanaticism, as I call the present rage for athletics.

February 18, 1895.

It is very kind of you to offer to serve me in Italy. I have a standing Venetian commission, but unhappily I have mislaid the precise information necessary for the execution of it. The house in which Rousseau lived — a palazzo, I believe — while he was attaché to the French embassy, has been discovered, and a photograph of it (or identification of it in existing photographs) would much please me. It is just possible that the librarians or the photographers in Venice know the building and could help me to a view of it. Further than such inquiry, pray take no trouble; and I must reimburse you for any expense.

As a preparation for Gibraltar, do re-read Woodberry's fine sonnets ¹ in Crandall's collection.

June 19, 1895.

You cannot be very far from home as I write, and it will please you to take up this week's *Nation* and

¹ First printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

LETTERS

find your Leopardi letter.¹ This on Venice,² which I regret to return, takes me into dangerous quicksands. Needless to say that I sympathize entirely with you in your abhorrence of gross art, but I must steer clear of reopening the old controversy between lay and expert opinion — in art as in other matters. Grossness I believe to be but a passing phase in art or in literature, as in the drama. Protest and avoidance are necessary, but a poor editor has to consider the mode of it and the possible utility of it, and how much space he can afford for rejoinder and surrejoinder.

Mme. Mario has written in a vein which shows that she felt positively obliged for your visit, and the opportunity it gave her of showing her good-will to me. I presume that you missed Carducci, and surely that was a pity.

I am extremely obliged to you for the pains you took in Venice over my little Rousseau commission. I presume I have somewhere the title of the book you recovered for me, but my notes are somewhat disorderly. Another occasion for securing the photograph will arise, no doubt.

June 29, 1895.

I thank you for your *Placet* in the matter of my degree,³ and as for my needy knife-grinder biography

¹ "Leopardi's Home," printed in the *Nation*, June 20, 1895.

² A criticism of the International Exhibition of Paintings at Venice.

³ At Commencement, June 26, Harvard conferred the honorary

TO WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

you shall have it directly. I was too embarrassed when standing up to be decorated to catch the sense of President Eliot's compliment, and as these little *jeux d'esprit* are never printed, I am likely to make no more than a rough guess that my thirty years' labors on the *Nation* seemed worthy of recognition.

The President's allusion at the Commencement dinner to the *Nation* as a *controversial* journal, I think quite missed fire, whether considered as a happy (summary) epithet, or as enlightenment to the audience, nine tenths of whom had not been in Sanders Theatre.

In the Commencement haystack it is no wonder we eluded each other, but you had the advantage of seeing me. My turn will come some day.

August 5, 1895.

I made a spurt yesterday and finished Mme. Mario's "Nicotera," and now send it to you with my compliments. On the whole she makes him an attractive figure, and gives much documentary evidence from which the reader can judge for himself. Still, her Garibaldian affection may tinge her view at least of the later Nicotera, and I enclose Stillman's ¹

degree of Master of Arts on W. P. G. President Eliot characterized him "hominem integerrimum, qui triginta per annos aut multa de rebus civilibus et de vita populi Americani luculente scripsit aut aliorum scripta edenda curavit."

¹ W. J. Stillman.

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savage judgment for your benefit. In a letter just received he is harder still on Zanardelli, whom he characterizes as a sot and a seducer. I think this useful in showing how difficult it is to judge public characters from the historic page.

August 14, 1895.

I inscribed the "Nicotera" to you, and supposed you would naturally take it as a gift. The Notes will come handy in these dry times.

The *Mme.*¹ in addressing our friend is a relic of the usage employed toward her when she was in this country nearly forty years ago. I never met her, but she knew my wife's family.

Greylock is not unfamiliar to me, and I should like nothing better than to be viewing it again this fine day from the head of the road up Florida Mountain from N. Adams.

October 19, 1895.

Your note accompanying Hodgkin found me absent on a little tour.

I was glad indeed to find you on my side in the woman-suffrage matter. Some of our friends are dispirited by the meagre registration in Massachusetts, but it was to have been expected. The indifference and timidity of the mass of women in face of a new

¹ W. P. G. always spoke of her as *Madame* and not as *Signora* Mario.

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responsibility are not surprising, and have actually no bearing on the question whether woman's interest in the right conduct of public affairs is in any respect different from man's, or whether the two sexes can ever be conjugally united so long as there is any question whatever which cannot, concerning both, be discussed by both and acted on by both.

It gave me great pleasure the other day to procure a note for the *Nation*, which I hope you saw, on that odious picture¹ at the Venice Exposition which you condemned in your letter.

By this mail I send a little brochure on my father's old partner in the anti-slavery cause, Benjamin Lundy. It is a real if inconsiderable addition to our knowledge of the man and his origin, and as such may merit a line of mention in the *H. G. M.* among the other periodical articles by graduates.

November 25, 1895.

It gives me pleasure to learn that Lloyd acquitted himself well at the Pudding.² What you say of ——'s remarks recalls what Dan'l Webster reports Jefferson (on a visit) to have remarked about Patrick Henry — everybody entranced on hearing him, and left inquiring, "What the devil has he been saying?"

¹ L' Ultimo Convegno, by Grosso.

² Centennial of the Hasty Pudding Club, November 22, 1895. Lloyd McK. Garrison read an historical sketch of the Club.

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January 16, 1896.

Prof. [A. B.] Hart's fine address on "Puritan Politics" before the New England Society of Orange, N. J., last May, ought not to be omitted from the Chronicle of the *H. G. M.* I send you the now printed copy. I think you will find the accompanying prize poem rather striking for a young man, — F. L. Knowles,¹ who got his education at Middletown, Conn., and is now finishing at Harvard in the senior class. He too may deserve mention, especially as he is looking forward to a literary career.

A copy of this pamphlet has gone as a matter of course to the Harvard College Library, and if you don't keep such things, perhaps your copy might pass to the Cambridge Public.

January 27, 1896.

Suppose I hold "Bertheles" subject to recall if you get impatient? I can get over the past date by suppressing it, but it is not so easy to suppress the competition of newer works, with reviews of which my pigeon-holes are full to repletion.

February 21, 1896.

Your article has drawn out the enclosed response from the Guatemalan consulate. I shall reprint it in next week's *Nation*, and meantime am consulting a neighbor of mine who lived for many years in G.

¹ F. L. Knowles, Harvard, 1896, died too young.

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as to the essential accuracy of Caivano's picture. Barrios the elder more than once threatened the life of my neighbor, an Englishman; and had Olney's Monroe Doctrine then prevailed he would very likely have carried out his threat.

October 16, 1896.

Thanks for both the Notes. I am afraid you have been reading Mr. Godkin's Essays with a view to noticing them in the *H. G. M.*, and so may not entertain a proposal which I certainly make with diffidence. Could you undertake a notice, not very long, for the *Nation*, in such a manner as to make it not indelicate to appear in the Editor's own paper? Mr. Godkin's publishers perhaps expect this, and he himself is reconciled to it, even if the notice be adverse — (but who would undertake that!) I shall be quite satisfied with a card of yes or *non possumus*.

January 20, 1897.

I have been delayed by much occupation in considering this essay. It is, as you rightly estimate, too long for publication at one time; but also it has, to my mind, an "academic" quality which goes ill with my rather concrete, matter-of-fact *Nation*. I should not call it discussion "in the air" exactly, but it is abstract to a degree beyond what commonly passes muster with me as appropriate to the *Nation*.

I should quarrel with the opening page — by elim-

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inating it. And why is there a pause in criticism any more than in poetry — with Lowell and M. Arnold bereaving the field? All over the world, poetry is in half-mourning. It will come up again like the grippe or the cholera in due season. Fashion in criticism will change, but the genius for criticism will not come by striving and study. At least that's my view.

March 10, 1897.

Renewed thanks for your verification of Canzio; and also for Rudinì. In the English and American press I have never seen the name so accented, and in the Italian it has naturally escaped my eye more readily than *à* or *ò* would have done.

In recent books I observe some new fangled use of the acute accent (e. g. *piú*), of which I have not yet discovered the rationale.

March 22, 1897.

I perceive that the Shaw monument is actually going to be put up on Decoration Day. The enclosed sonnet,¹ accordingly, may be thought timely for your next issue, whether in connection with or apart from the report of the proceedings. I should be much honored if you thought so. It was written many years ago. Pray send me a proof if you can tolerate the verse.

¹ "To the Slave Power," printed in the *H. G. M.*, September, 1897, vol. vi, p. 40.

TO WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

August 9, 1897

Let me alone to sympathize with the journalist who has no alternate. If I did not enjoy uniformly good health, it would go hard with me. Let me wish you a quick recovery unretarded by the thought of *Nation* jobs.

My little verse is quite correctly set, but I think I will ask you to insert the rhetorical dash.

Reprint anything from the *Nation* always. Now you have Professor Allen¹ to think of. Here I am quite unprovided with a notice myself.

September 15, 1897.

"Seignobos" came duly, but I cannot think the book an equivalent for your labor.

The *H. G. M.* needs no apology, in my view. For myself I can but feel honored in being made a constituent part of the Shaw commemoration.

November 16, 1897.

My Notes would be improved by your nerves being in a convalescent state indefinitely, but I will not wish my good at your expense. I shall put the nine-holes in the *Nation* with much pleasure.

Your praise of my little book² gives me a satisfac-

¹ Professor F. B. Allen, of Harvard, died August 4, 1897.

² *Parables for School and Home*, by W. P. G.; published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York, 1897.

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tion which I will not affect to conceal. I knew I was working out of the beaten path, and that I had not slighted my task; but it is so easy to confound honest effort with excellent achievement that I have not flattered myself on any great success. With much confidence I have warned my publishers not to form great expectations about a school use of the book. In the eyes of most committeemen the chapters on the Flag and Patriotism would suffice to damn it, while protectionist Republicans would scent heresy in the chapter on names; and silverites, jingoes, and other objects of my concrete illustrations will cry out against such teaching in the schools. I do not say that they are wrong, but the book would be worthless without that sort of illustrations. I trust the libraries, even the Sunday-school libraries, will take it in, and beyond that I am content with the pleasure I have given to some two or three hundred little people, my neighbors in the public schools.

April 16, 1898.

Though the Mass. senate has shelved your Notes by shelving the bill,¹ I dislike to throw them away with my own hand; and perhaps you will have courage — or even lassitude — enough to file them away for use at the next session, when I think the broad view must surely triumph. Yet broad views are not

¹ On the extension of the franchise for Overseers at Harvard.

TO WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

in favor just now when the thoughts of thousands fixed upon the *reconcentrado* misery or the *Maine* explosion alone, are for war regardless of rights or consequences.

November 21, 1898.

X., who is one of my closest friends, has been treated, *Nation* fashion, quite objectively when passing under our critical harrow, and has almost entreated me not to notice another book of his. So I send you his new volume on Italy, which I have read in a personal copy, and beg you to accept it unconditionally. If anything pleasant can be said of it, I would print that: but the author is now past seventy, and I would spare his feelings with silence in place of adverse criticism.

December 1, 1898.

I do not think my old friend will feel hurt at anything in your review. You have managed him with much consideration.

Roosevelt's word respecting his pledges to Platt is doubtless to be taken. His going near Platt at all with a view to securing his nomination, I set down not so much to subserviency as to ambition, and that always forebodes default in principle. But I am ready to wait. Governor Black this morning forces his hand in the prosecution of Adams and Aldridge.

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January 7, 1899.

Why, yes. If your strength permits, I think a brief notice of Rocca would be well, and you can speak to the translation.¹ I purpose making your reference to it in the Note already received a mere vestibule to the account of the succeeding work. This will leave you free in your short review.

I may say a word or two about the franchise vote when the record is made up in the next *H. G. M.* Many things I should like to do punctually at this season were I a Briareus, or a Cæsar capable of dictating to a dozen secretaries.

February 17, 1899.

I don't know that I have even a pious wish on this subject,² feeling that in the case of all great personages we can get from contemporaries a sufficient idea of their bodily compositions. The painter's art is not concerned with this, but with expressing the soul of the man. So is the engraver's, and he is not bound to give you the complexion and color of the hair. A superior consideration is artistic lighting. Some of the friends of Prof. Child complained that his blond and sunny face was not revealed in Kruell's engraving. True, but I never pass that masterly print

¹ *Autobiography of a Veteran.*

² A suggestion that it might be possible for portrait painters and engravers to furnish more accurate information as to the stature and complexion of their subjects.

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on my wall without a sigh (Dante's "Sospira!"¹) of admiration for the soulfulness of the characterization, which is wonderfully assisted by the rich chiaroscuro. The conventional engraving as for heraldic coloring is inconsistent with art in portraiture. Take Kruell's whole series, and you will find a fresh treatment of each in point of technique. This was not because Grant and Lincoln and Webster and Lowell had different complexions, but because the character of each called for a different handling of the graver. Hence the wonderful absence of mannerism in his works.

August 18, 1899.

The summer, thank you, has treated me pretty well, and, pending some alterations in my home, I have been and still am living up the North River instead of in Jersey. A new and cheerful daughter-in-law has emancipated me forever, I hope, from the task of ordering my own meals, which I find abhorrent.

If my old and honored friend, Gen. J. D. Cox, returns from his yachting trip before you leave for Cambridge, I hope you will contrive to make his acquaintance, on the common footing of *Nation* contributors. He is a man in a thousand.

¹ E par che della sua labbia si mova

Uno spirto soave e pien d'amore,

Che va dicendo all' anima : Sospira.

Dante, *Vita Nuova*, XXVI, Sonnet xv, 12-14.

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December 30, 1899.

In acknowledging, with sincere thanks, your notice of Hodgkin, as to whose length I fully agree with you for the reason given, I send you my last letter written from the office this "sad, bad year." My contributors of long standing are now, like myself, of an age when death may any day play tricks with them — as so lately with my warm-hearted friend, Elliott Coues; and it is a pleasure to exchange New Year's greetings with one of a younger generation who will stand in the gap as we fall. The current issue of the *Nation* contains the 69th index I have made with my own hands. I have a sentimental reason for wishing to make the 70th, for the *Nation* will be as old as the *Liberator*, and the two journals will stand for seventy years of editorial labor in one family without a break. I hope, and believe, you have some posterity to whom you may hand on the *H. G. M.*

May 29, 1900.

Many thanks for your Note, an "article" which, with the approach of summer, becomes increasingly welcome.

I was quite staggered by the *length* of the notice of Bolton King.¹ The writer, though I have him in training, likes plenty of elbow-room. He was not, moreover, a specialist in Italian history, but I had

¹ *History of Italian Unity.*

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no better choice with yourself eliminated. As to the substance of his doctrine, I am not a stickler for the impossible in a review department — absolute consistency. The impersonal *Nation* is not a man, and offers only the best criticism it can lay its hands upon, subject to very general restrictions of uniformity of opinion. What you say of the chance of a different verdict in another's hands — like your own — might be predicated of almost every book reviewed. I once heard a lawyer say that in all his experience he never knew a case decided that might not equally well have gone the opposite way.

Have you read Goldwin Smith's two volume "United Kingdom"? I have just finished it with delight and wonder. Except occasional repetitions (not without utility, though unconscious), I see no trace of old age.

June 16, 1900.

Only about once in four years do I get mad enough to write a political article; hence, "The Idol." ¹ I have heard almost nothing from it beyond your kind approval; but, on the other hand, it seems to me significant that not a word has come to me by way of *protest* from my subscribers.

August 17, 1900.

The *Post's* Supplement Editor tells me his policy is to exclude politics as much as possible from his

¹ Leading editorial in the *Nation*, June 7, 1900, p. 430.

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department, and this debars him from entertaining your article, apart from its length, which would be about three and one half columns. For my part, while inclined to agree with your view of the utility of refreshing the memory of the methods of the British imperial expansion, I fear you may produce two undesirable effects — a revival of our old senseless antipathy to England, and a weakening of our sensitiveness to the best English opinion applied to our own shortcomings. On the other hand, the American imperialist's conscience will be soothed by England's example, or acquitted if he thinks our atrocities actually fall short of England's. — A friend, by the way, who has a cousin serving in the Philippines, hears from him that to Filipinos suspected of withholding information our officers apply the water torture.

It is truly to be regretted that you failed to meet General Cox. I am still without particulars of his latter end, except that he died of heart-failure, as the phrase is, after at least a week's prostration.

October 19, 1900.

I am mortified to find that I overlooked the entry I made of your wish for Hazlitt. Partly, I suppose, I was misled on finding it an old work vamped; but, also, I perceive that I sent it off in the midst of my fresh grief over my son, when it is a wonder

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that I could remember anything. I beg you to excuse me.

I must thank you as one of a multitude of friends who have sought to comfort me in my bereavement.¹

October 27, 1900.

Excuse my delay in judging this review, as I am in the shadow of a fresh affliction impending.² It seems to me that A.'s contentions are set forth at undue length, and left scarcely assailed — with the result that those who cannot take his measure from them will be likely to be misled and perhaps tempted to buy his book — which you do not desire. I will not disagree with you as to the desirability of exposing him, but I think it should be done more briefly and in a lighter tone. In economic fields he seems to me to be a charlatan.

November 19, 1900.

Your appreciation of Lloyd's verse on the memorial leaflet leads me to send for your acceptance the little collection from which they were taken. But you must not acknowledge receipt of it.

Thank you very much for the two letters, in a hand which the printers mistook for my own, and for whose badness I used to chide him.

He could fain have taken to letters, nor did I op-

¹ The death of his son Lloyd.

² The illness, happily not fatal, of his grandson.

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pose him ; but as it was preferably by way of journalism, I held him to the learning of his legal profession, for the sake of greater maturity. He relucted, but thanked me in the end, though his Muse was virtually silenced. With time and leisure she might have found her voice again, but he was essentially precocious, and illustrated Havelock Ellis's thesis that the new-born babe represents the crest of the wave of human development : we decline in approaching manhood. Lloyd had a glimpse of this in the stanza called "Manqué" at the very close.

December 6, 1900.

My desultory reading in Italian has thrown me more with Petrarch than with Dante, partly in consequence of an early attempt to translate some of P.'s sonnets, and this has been one reason why I did not join the Dante Society. I should like to hear your lectures, in which your illustrations of the lyrical poetry will probably have to be translated — by yourself or others.

I have just received the *H. G. M.*, and am as much surprised as gratified by the detailed account of my son under his Class report. I could not have drawn it up myself, and it is in some sense a revelation of interests and activities beyond my ken.

TO WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

LLEWELLYN PARK, ORANGE, N. J.,
June 3, 1902.

I dedicate to you the closing hours of my 62d year, and will begin by thanking you for your note about the *H. G. M.*, which is very illuminating. It makes me blush to think that I should have placed myself among those who would overwhelm you with verse; ¹ and I have not even so good an excuse as the author of the threnody on Dr. Peabody. There is, to be sure, a sort of connection between Harvard and ex-President Cleveland, to whom my sonnets relate; but it will not serve, and, as I hinted, what I have to say in apostrophizing him might seem calculated to give offence, both in praise and in dispraise. So I will lock up the fourteeners, and if the *Nation* and I outlive Cleveland, I may print the sonnets in my own paper, whose rule, by the way, not to print original verse, agrees with yours. It is so convenient!

I dare say I used too broad an expression in suggesting a certain competition with the literary magazines, but I had in mind the natural readiness of some writers to address the Harvard audience above all others. I did not realize how much your *cadre* was strained to accommodate purely college material.

¹ W. P. G. had sent me two sonnets on President Cleveland, which I reluctantly returned to him, as the *Graduates' Magazine* did not print original verse. I mentioned the fact that recently a four-hundred line threnody on Dr. A. P. Peabody had been received. — W. R. T.

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Yesterday I had occasion to direct a friend about to go to Venice and wanting a commission, to the house occupied by J. J. Rousseau during his connection with the French embassy. This made recourse necessary to the information conveyed in a note from you many years ago, as you will remember. My friend will now kodak the palace for me, and your kindness will bear fruit at last. It was a pleasure to recall my indebtedness to you.

July 11, 1902.

There have been occasional lapses from the *Post's* rule not to print original verse, but the only case I remember was smuggled in under Personals, and was "a very little one" at that — rather for the sake of the man commemorated than of the poet. For months or even years I have seen a Chicago poet, Bertrand Shadwell, a voice crying in the wilderness against Imperialism, shut out from the *Post* by the same rule. The peace and convenience sought to be attained by this exclusiveness would, I am sure, be imperilled by printing the enclosed, and this is only one more instance of self-denial in not making use of the poetic weapon also in fighting the madness of the hour.

I was glad to learn (first from the letter printed in yesterday's *Nation*) of the silence that greeted Roosevelt's whitewashing of Lodge at Commence-

TO WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

ment. It was truly a good sign. I can but think, as "A. L. T." intimates, that there has been a falling off in the tone of Commencement, parallel with the lowering of tone everywhere in the past four unhappy years.

Thanks for your salty invitation to Magnolia. I am about to indulge in my substitute for old ocean — a bath at the Battery on the incoming tide.

September 29, 1902.

Your feeling about the [coal] strike has long been mine. . . . Instead of chattering about Trusts, Roosevelt might better ask what power he has to secure fuel for the Navy and the Government offices everywhere as against a blockade more vigorous than any foreign fleet could effect. The Imperialists say it is a poor, cabined country that can't own colonies; what is it that can't dissolve an artificial famine paralyzing industry, multiplying idleness, shutting up the schools, and bringing distress into every household? You may think it opportune to contrast Lady Duff Gordon's Egypt¹ with that of to-day, but briefly if possible.

October 1, 1902.

Gov. Crane passed through the city this morning bringing very little cheer from the White House. He wants the President brought on the scene as a medi-

¹ In a new edition of her *Letters*.

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ator ¹ — a rôle for which I think him very little fitted, nor do I believe this is what the times call for.

November 3, 1902.

The qualified assent I gave in my last letter to your request for "The Renaissance" was inspired by a sort of instinct that the book might be solicited from a quarter which I could not well deny. This morning's mail brings me such a request from Mr. Bryce, who is now so busy with politics that I am only too thankful to seize an opportunity to pin him with a promise to review for me. This is one of those moral claims, as opposed to specific, which I have to regard if I look beyond the performance of a particular task. To attach Mr. Bryce to the *Nation* is certainly a consummation worthy of editorial striving.

I should have been glad to compromise with you by sending you the book; but Mr. B. asks for that also. If I understand Mr. B. aright, he bespeaks the entire series.

November 17, 1902.

I printed my little version of Carducci primarily to send to him in acknowledgment of his courtesy in inscribing the volume of his Poems given me by our friend Mme. Mario. Then I thought I would at least share his Italian with friends interested in the language, and with others whose hospitality reflected

¹ In the coal strike.

TO WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

the spirit of the amiable inhabitants of Villa Avenzano. His metres — Italian metres generally — are quite beyond me. By hazard I struck an English one which required no padding, and the thing whistled itself. I cannot think myself up to Leopardi.

Hearty congratulations on your decoration. "Serena t' adorne," and deservedly.

December 8, 1902.

I will take your M[artinengo] C[esaresco] letter in lieu of a formal notice of the "Lombard Studies," printing it at my first opportunity, but perhaps not till after the turn of the year, and probably omitting your opening gunpowder, *sententiae generales* about women authors, which might provoke controversy in these days when we are constantly being overhauled for writing "Mr." against some initialed name of high worth in learning and letters.

December 22, 1902.

I despoil the bulky Christmas number of *Madame* to send you the enclosed, fresh from Italy and perhaps from your Countess. It clearly belongs to you.

Your approval of my long service here was very flattering. In default of other qualities, may it be remembered by others than yourself that I have *stuck*. I had a sentimental ambition to equal my father's term with the *Liberator*, but now I have surpassed that, while he and I together, with the least overlapping, have been journalists for seventy-six years. His works do

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follow him; and the high and composite constitution of the *Nation* will ensure the *semblance* of my works following me.

February 5, 1903.

I make haste to inscribe you as our special correspondent at the International Historical Congress,¹ and to thank you for the happy thought of serving the *Nation*. May the medical reasons for going abate before your return. I believe I have no commission for Italy unless you should meet Mme. Mario in Florence, when my warm regards as always. I have long been expecting to hear from her, and fear she may be ill, if not uncommonly busy.

It was kind of you to send me Lloyd's review. I believe I read it at the time, but I shall be glad to do so again. His thoughts had always a literary bent, and in our briefest unclouded interview on his death-bed he expressed his joy in contributing to the *Nation* with my approbation. *Ay de mi!*

My best wishes attend you, dear Mr. Thayer.

May 19, 1903.

A most agreeable surprise, truly, and very thoughtful on your part, this lovely book on Venice.² It will help repair my imperfect personal acquaintance with the peninsula, with Florence for my single city to set foot in. Hearty thanks for the gift and for the fitting

¹ Met at Rome, April, 1905.

² Molmenti's *Venezia*.

TO WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

remembrance. I'm glad the book was beyond our custom-house extortion.

As it is always the unexpected that happens to the *Nation*, one thing after another has kept back Count Gnoli's letter, and now I will enclose proof for your kind revision; the MS. was sometimes a little blind. Delay is of no moment, I think.

Your inquiry finds me in my usual good health — and harness. I am going up to Albany for two days at the end of this week, and I have absolutely no other plan for a vacation this year. One summer job is passing through the press, the Memoirs of my brother-in-law, Mr. Villard. As it is a family affair in the manufacture, we take our time.

July 22, 1903.

I think that I have already written that my plethora of reviews has rather suddenly changed to an embarrassing dearth, so that you need not stint yourself in the review of Florence.

October 2, 1903.

Mr. Cutter's death has supplied the inevitable obituary for your next issue. Ere long the *fortes ante Agamemnona* — the good men before the athletic period — will have disappeared, and left the Milos to match 'em.

November 2, 1903.

At this moment, of all my readers, to you alone has it occurred to congratulate me on the 2000th

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issue of the *Nation*. I am correspondingly grateful for this remembrance, and for the friendly and discriminating words you employ with reference to myself. It is more difficult to "hold the rudder true" than in Mr. Godkin's lifetime, and vastly more laborious. Books multiply and assistance in the office does not; and even what I take over from the *Post* I must scrutinize in every respect, refashioning constantly, sometimes adapting *faute de mieux*. My chief comfort lies in the sustained companionship with the spiritually minded, and in maintaining for them a forum where they meet gladly and speak their messages freely. My chief regret in the cessation of the paper would be the closing of this forum. Whether the *Nation* survive its 3000th issue or not, one thing is certain, that I shall never superintend it. Those who know me not in that day will perhaps thank me for my indexes thus far. In this trade I might not immodestly compare myself with the late W. M. Griswold. I am just now indexing the Memoirs of Mr. Villard — an autobiography — to appear probably in the spring.

January 18, 1904.

I agree, with you, that every one who ever wrote a sonnet should be fined; in token of which I enclose five dollars for the Petrarch fund.¹ It mortifies me

¹ In celebration of the six hundredth anniversary of Petrarch's birth.

TO WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

to have to confess that if the five were leviable *per offence*, then my obligation would be \$100!

January 20, 1904.

I would not have you misread my confession of weakness into a *hundred* sonnets. *Twenty* multiplied by \$5 would give \$100 as the measure of my fine, piece by piece. Three of these are translations from Petrarch himself, and in spite of my father's predilection for the form, it looks as if I might never have written a sonnet but for Petrarch, and (immediately) Mr. Higginson. So I may as well cast the first stone on his cairn.

December 13, 1904.

I observe in your December ¹ batch of first-ten scholars that I am set down as "editor of the *Nation* since 1866." This cheats the paper of a year, and Mr. Godkin of his headship for at least fifteen years. "Literary editor since 1865" would be nearer right; from 1881 till Mr. Godkin withdrew I was in a limbo of chief editorship hard to describe except as limited monarchy. Now I consult nobody as to what I shall say or print, but am conditioned still by what the *Post* affords for selection.

I do not write for correction, still less for an acknowledgment of this scrawl.

¹ *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*.

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February 11, 1905.

I should be sorry not to associate myself with an enterprise such as the securing of Mr. Norton's library for Harvard; I am more sorry not to be able to give more than a *token* to it, which I enclose. A scholar's books have an *overtone* which greatly enhances their value for public examination and use.

April 8, 1905.

I have lately drifted into the habit of printing without "quotes" the *Æneid*, *Odyssey*, etc., — certain classics loosely defined.

Odin Roberts has submitted to me his review of *Religious Reform at Harvard*,¹ and I have corrected it so far as in me lay. It will probably go to you shortly. It is a quite unvarnished tale, and free from padding; so I hope its length will not prove unmanageable. I much wanted to extend it by a little philosophizing, but it is not my article or prompted by me.

April 23, 1905.

Thank you heartily for your gift, which is certain to minister to my pleasure and enlightenment. I took up Italian after leaving college, and to test my command of the language I sought at random for an Italian work in the Boston Public Library's Cata-

¹ Printed in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, December, 1905, vol. xiv, p. 226.

TO WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

logue. The chance fell upon General Pepe's narrative of the defence of Venice — a chapter which does not fall within the scope of your narrative. Thus I may be said to have entered Italy through your gateway. Florence, through Dante and Petrarch, came later.

I shall have to think a little before choosing a critic, but without regard to the need of "softening."

My day in Cambridge proved to be far too short, and all my calls were futile except on Mr. Norton, which was pre-arranged. I shall long remember our pleasant hour together in the Historical Society's Rooms and afoot.

July 6, 1905.

I had hardly read your letter of yesterday ¹ than the full force of the amiable conspiracy engineered by yourself and my classmate McDaniels burst upon me. The vase — the inscription — the address — the signatures (such a roll of honor!) — left me overwhelmed; and the publicity deemed necessary in to-day's *Post* gives me positive pain. "Methinks I am too happy to be glad," as Keats says. Indeed, I cannot view this testimonial with dry eyes. It shall not, however, delude me into thinking that I count for very much, or into forgetting how much of what seems to belong to me is my great inheritance from Mr. Godkin, and the support of the very men who

¹ Congratulating W. P. G. on his forty years' editorship of the *Nation*.

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have devised the flattering token. To my father and my constitution I owe my power to endure, and I was on the point of sending you (as I now do) proof of my persistency in another sphere of public service. My "Remarks" are by no means intended for notice in the *H. G. M.*, but solely as a bit of biography which may interest you for a moment.

With difficulty can I frame an expression of thanks for your share in so affectionate an outpouring as I now labor under. With your frequent disinterested *vos non vobis* I was familiar, but I never expected it to operate in my own behalf. Your private letter would have answered every purpose, and of this I can only say that I prize it in even measure with the warm regard in which I have long held you. It is cheering to learn that if one fails to perceive the prevalence of the sentiments he utters, or the success of the cause which he champions, he has still earned the good opinion of those whom he has immediately addressed, and with whom he has labored for noble ideals.

Believe me, most gratefully yours.

July 10, 1905.

Your "Cavour" is very welcome. As I go out of town on Wednesday for the remainder of the week, I shall hold the notice as a vacation nest-egg.

A Jewish friend, one of your co-signatories of the "congratulatory note," assures me that you needed

TO WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

to make no apology for your characterization of Lassalle's affair.¹

Every mail shows how wide-spread has been your and McDaniels's contagion; and, alas! I must make myself a topic for the *Nation*.

September 18, 1905.

I have always thought that preserving an equal good-will for all my staff, I paid them the highest respect and did them the greatest service by procuring such criticism for their own work as the *Nation* regularly metes out. In the case of your "Venice" my customary procedure was exactly followed, while the reviewer availed himself to the full of my latitude as to space. So, notwithstanding your natural *riposte* where censure has been indulged in, I trust you will on reflection be satisfied that things have taken their normal course, with a friendly editor and not unfriendly critic, and no instructions or bias communicated from one to the other. If I felt quite sure that your letter was intended for his eyes, I would send it to him, *ut prosit*. When all is said, I can but think the notice will promote the sale of your book, which I read with much pleasure and instruction, and much wonder at your power to grasp historic periods and movements, for which I have a very poor head.

I should like much to see Dean Briggs work out his

¹ In an article on "Mazzini's Centenary," printed by the *Nation*, June 22, 1905.

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suggestion of an exponent of the Harvard spirit resulting from rolling Emerson and Roosevelt together (*vide* last *H. G. M.*).¹ Ralph came nearest Theodore when he desired and tried to kill a deer in the Adirondacks, as related by Stillman in his Memoirs.

September 26, 1905.

Knowledge and judgment — not the camp of opinion — determine my choice of reviewers. This may at times wear the aspect of selecting hostile critics, as when I gave Chadwick's "Channing" to Prof. Williston Walker; both, however, were pleased, — the author with the result, and the orthodox critic with the compliment to his fairness. I try to avoid mutual-admiration reviews, to which our Unitarian brethren are rather prone.

In philosophy I go much further than my natural inclination, which would be to shut the door in the face of metaphysics. I affect to regard it as of importance, and do the best I can in choice of reviewers; but I sometimes control these (not in advance, but in editing the MS.). James's vivacious intellect I highly esteem, ranking it much above his brother's; but his "Will to Believe" I have the least possible sympathy with. With X. I could never come in rapport. Since

¹ At the Radcliffe College Commencement Dean Briggs said: "The ideally excellent Harvard man of to-day is a sort of blending of Emerson and Mr. Roosevelt."

TO WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

Z. has ceased to write for me, I hardly know what he is doing; but his life-work *ex officio* seems to me barren of profit to mankind.

Nous sommes des animaux;
Voilà mon système.

Some early lectures of Goldwin Smith's which I was looking over the other day — perhaps those on Modern History (1861) — made me wonder whether he could even re-read them to-day in the light of Darwinism. (I was with him at the time, and might have asked him.) Similar reflections arose in reading Clough's "Life and Letters," as in the case of the whole Oxford Movement. What a waste of intellect!

Your letter has drawn me out, but whether I had better have remained in my shell — for your good opinion — I don't know.

October 3, 1905.

I shall be glad to print your letter, but the set of correspondence just now is so strong that I may be delayed.

I'm glad you like the essence of my father.¹ The sketch which follows was wrung from me by my friend the late William H. Whitmore, then of the Board of Aldermen, I think. I was but midway in my task, and might have said more at the close of the fourth

¹ *The Words of Garrison: A Centennial Selection of Characteristic Sentiments*. Boston, 1905. W. P. G. compiled this and wrote a brief memoir of his father.

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volume instead of at that of the second. However, on re-reading, my brother and I concluded to write *stet* upon it, except for a few verbal changes. I was sorry that he could not see eye to eye with me about making my father's life-mask the frontispiece. I think I must send you a print of it.

November 16, 1905.

As Peter Schlemihl without his shadow, so you without your secret in your relations with me, must feel the loss poignantly. To put my Vase on a plinth¹ was piling Pelion upon Ossa for glittering testimonial, and one surprise out-topped the other. I thank you again for all the bother you have had, and for the good-will which made you cheerfully undertake it. I have a daily reminder of you in the lamp, which is in constant use and is a beauty. You must surely see it lighted some time at my own fire-side.

December 1, 1905.

I have not seen the football article for the *H. G. M.*² to which you refer in your last letter, and there is a rumor that it has brought you into trouble. I hope not, but if you go under with the Temple, the example will have been worth furnish-

¹ The completion of the gift of the subscribers to the testimonial for the fortieth anniversary.

² December, 1905.

TO WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

ing, by the Strong Man in the right place. I do hope the bad game is tumbling to its ruin.

February 9, 1906.

It was very thoughtful in you to send these touches of a vanished hand,¹ each characteristic, and one (in which Lloyd makes a Patria of his Alma Mater) rising into poetic planes of feeling and expression. I am to see his wife this afternoon, and am sure she will be grateful to you.

March 17, 1906.

Your complimentary letter finds me at home nursing a sciatic leg — a novel experience for a seasoned pedestrian like myself. I am mending, and go about my business as usual, but I must avoid long journeys like that my Chicago daughter is expecting from me in April; and even Boston is too far. So we may not meet as on our last occasion, even if Mr. Adams remembers me with an invitation. You are very good to offer me also your Cambridge hospitality.

Few but yourself could read my tribute to Signora Mario with a personal sympathy — I mean on this side of the water. The anecdotes of the young American couple with which I close, veil my daughter and her husband and my sister and Mr. Villard, respectively. I thought it too characteristic to suppress.

From my hurried gleanings in Carducci's selections

¹ Some letters of Lloyd's to Mr. Thayer.

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from A. Mario's writings, I judged that the Marios never reached Boston. In Philadelphia, however, they were welcomed by Motts and McKims, and a striking resemblance was found in J. W. M. to my future wife (*en secondes nocces*). I don't remember through what channel she was enlisted for the *Nation*, but she began to correspond in 1866. For tenacity of purpose in the martyr spirit she might be classed with Susan B. Anthony; but she had a broader mental outlook. I'm glad you knew her, and that I had some share in bringing this about.

March 26, 1906.

It is due to you to give you private notice, ere it leaks out as it may soon do, that I last week handed in my resignation as Editor of the *Nation*, to take effect at the close of the current volume. I did not take this for me momentous step without weighing my chance of rubbing along till the end of the year, or even till July 1, 1907. The state of my health, however, forbade this, for I have been "running down" for the past nine or ten months, from some impairment of the digestion (no other unsoundness being visible), and I have no excuse for evading the first opportunity to take a long and genuine vacation, free from all care.

There being no *deus ex machina* to invoke, the Trustees of the *Evening Post* disturbed their own

TO WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

editorial fabric to replace me with Hammond Lamont as chief, and Paul E. More as assistant; and they could not have done better under the circumstances. I believe you know them both and their Harvard affiliations. The revolution is not yet announced, and we are rather refraining from spreading it.

I need not dwell on what the cessation of my labors in one field for forty-one years means to me, and at what a cost I purchase my freedom. My future occupation is quite indeterminate, but it would cause me no wrench to give up journalism altogether. Certainly the bondage of it I eschew from this time forth.

I am sure of your sympathy for me in this compulsion; and to be less in touch with you than now is a disagreeable thought. But I dare say occasions will not be wanting to resume our friendly intercourse, though intermittently. I am not saying good-bye, or I should have to thank you for loyal and competent support, and again for your part in the testimonial of last summer.

April 11, 1906.

It is impossible for me to honor Mr. [Charles Francis] Adams's invitation.¹ My sciatica still lingers and forbids my long journey. I have confided to him, by the way, my approaching resignation. Till July 1st I shall be as busy as at any time in my life.

¹ To the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

II

TO LOUIS DYER, OXFORD, ENGLAND

November 9, 1893.

YOUR three most kind letters of Sept. 2, Oct. 13 and 21 must be acknowledged in the lump. I have long had fixed in memory the "Vuolsi così colà,"¹ and it does express most perfectly the enforced contentment with the decree of an overruling force. If we begin by quarreling with death and separation, we must end by quarreling with life itself, and it is better to make ourselves at home with both, let the balance be struck as it may.

Through all my late trial I was so situated that I never let go my hand from my *Nation* duties, and my mind has therefore had no leisure for melancholy and no stiffness from disuse. My grief had been diffused over three years, and was merged at last in rejoicing for the release of my wife. Convey my thanks to Mrs. Dyer for her share of your invitation to visit Oxford. I can truly say that I never expect to see that beautiful spot, or any part of Europe,

¹ Vuolsi così colà dove si puote

Ciò che si vuole, e più non dimandare.

Dante: *Inferno*, III, 95, 96.

TO LOUIS DYER

again, but it will be pleasant to cherish the illusion that I may do so while you are still there to take a stranger in.

Our elections have spoken for themselves. After having forced the Senate to do what Cleveland demanded, the people have given the President himself an admonition that his shortcomings will not be overlooked. When one considers what sort of a press we have, the amount of latent virtue and of independence in our electorate is surprising.

November 17, 1893.

Speaking of letters, have you procured and read Asa Gray's, capially edited by his widow? They portray very vividly that most excellent man, my old teacher and ever warm friend. Lowell's "Letters" I have yet to undertake. Edward Fitzgerald's have lately claimed my tardy attention and have well repaid perusal. Still, in this pressing season of publication, I have so much to read professionally that I can browse very little.

September 12, 1896.

When you told me that you had the key to the Dyer connexion in this country, or words to that effect, I little thought that I should ever be interested to draw upon you for information. Meantime my only daughter has engaged herself to Mr. Charles Dyer Norton of Chicago, and there is now a natural

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curiosity to learn what the young man has heretofore given little or no thought to.

I by no means wish to cause you any trouble, but you can perhaps direct me to the body of Dyer information in this country. It would be a pleasure to find my prospective son-in-law (who, I will say in passing, does honor to either name) of kin to you.

Perhaps, now that you are again at a great distance from the *Nation*, you will feel drawn to it as a note payer and occasional correspondent.

We are just lamenting the death yesterday of Prof. Child at the Mass. General Hospital, from I know not what malady. Some two or three years ago he was thrown from his carriage at night and injured about the head. Eliot, Lane, Goodwin, and James Mills Peirce are, I think, the only ones of my old instructors now surviving, at least in connection with the College. E. H. Abbott and John Noble are two others.

November 7, 1896.

Thanks for the two Oxford notes, one of which I hope to print next week. Now that the election is well over, I expect a revival in my collaboration, which has been remarkably slow in limbering up after the summer vacation. Everything seemed to feel the paralysis of the uncertain issue. We are in for a long struggle, with a wretched assortment of leaders on the Republican side.

TO LOUIS DYER

December 24, 1896.

The *Academy's* perversion is shocking, but it raises the question how many first-rate weekly critical reviews any country can support. The *Athenæum* will now be more than ever overburdened, and many more books must go wholly unnoticed.

May 19, 1899.

It was a real surprise to find you a Machiavellian student, and I much wish I could have listened to your lectures (the report of No. 3 is just to hand). Ever since I picked up a Venetian edition of the "Prince," which proves to have been the last published in Italy before the papal interdict, I have had a certain interest in M., which was renewed the other day by the appearance of Lirio's first *testo critico* (published in Florence by Sansoni at the close of last year). I hope you own the book.

Fate has for the fourth summer, not quite uninterruptedly, driven me out of my house, this time for the sake of some restorations. As usual I accept my sister's hospitality in a house next to hers in her beautiful park at Dobbs Ferry on the Hudson. Next month, my son Philip, who lives with me, is to be married, and then, as he will bring his bride home, I trust I shall have done forever with housekeeping so far as the table is concerned.

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June 3, 1899.

Your report of Dicey jumps with a long review of Thayer's "Evidence," which I shall print in the week following. I dare say Yale men and others may look upon your letter as a "reading notice" (or disguised puff) of the school, but we cannot always prevent our good from being evil spoken of.

This month witnesses (to-morrow) my adieu to the fifties and entrance upon my sixtieth year; and on the 24th the marriage of my son Philip, when all the family will be done for matrimonially, and Cupid Alexander will sigh in vain for any more children of mine to conquer. I am again with my sister at Dobbs Ferry for the summer, pending some improvements in my Orange home. The bride will keep house for me on my return in the fall.

November 24, 1899.

I well remember Buxton, though where on its rising ground St. James Terrace may be, I don't know. I did not view the remains of the Roman Baths, but I saw a regular Punch and Judy show, which I thought a brutalizing propaganda. My lodgings, with Mr. Villard, were in that Crescent whose name escapes me. So much for the thoughts suggested by your letter dated Nov. 5. Matthew II has reached me in a second copy from M. himself, and that shall go to Charles Dyer Norton *ut prosit*, and the other to

TO LOUIS DYER

that doubting reviewer whom you think too severe, but rather for his "ut prosit" than to return to the attack.

In the matter of the Boer War I take no partisan interest, knowing that both sides are paying for their sins, and that taking the offensive will (if there be no general upheaval) place the Boers at the tender mercy of Anglo-Saxondom, which in this case will not be synonymous with cruelty. But, as in our war with Spain, the steps leading up to the present hostilities cannot (I believe) bear the light.

December 26, 1901.

It is good of you to break our long mutual silence. One of my good friends and *Nation* contributors in Cambridge, the other day, revealed, on hearing from me after a considerable interval, a feeling of having been neglected, and argued some disaffection — as if an overworked editor with a ponderous daily correspondence could have his reticence imputed to such a cause. However, so it has not been with you, and on my part my reproach shall be that an ardent Alfredite like yourself made no report of Winchester! I had an offer of one — it came by cable — from an American, and agreed to look at it, but it proved to be so poor that the writer himself approved of my squelching it. Another offer I declined in the hope, if not on the ground, that you were likely to serve me.

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It was really a rare incident that so conspicuous a festival failed of some satisfactory volunteer reporter for the ubiquitous *Nation* (cast your eye in to-day's index to volume 73 on the list of special correspondence, all voluntary except the too lengthy Paris literary letter of X.).

Well, you had your reasons, and your preoccupations, and I forgive you, as also for the preferring of your *magnum opus* to my scrap-heap of notes. Success to your "honest and animated efforts," as was said of a great-uncle of mine who I fear had displayed some activity in the African slave trade and actually died in Gorée off Cape Verde.

We had here an extremely pleasant family reunion yesterday, with fourteen at table, gathering together the two houses of my two daughters-in-law. (My own family had assembled at my sister's on Christmas Eve.) I still have with me Lloyd's widow and the two fine children, but in another three weeks they will be off to Florida with the Kirkhams for the remainder of the winter. They are the joy of my heart.

Oddly enough, Mrs. Woods' novel, which you kindly promised me, and which shall now enchant my young people when it arrives, is reviewed in to-day's *Nation* — not unfavorably, as I trust you will agree, and not without discrimination. As I sift the novels myself, before sending any out, pray put it down to my credit that I thought the story worth review-

TO LOUIS DYER

ing where my practice is to suppress nineteen in twenty.

The etching I may find at my office to-morrow. Many thanks for thought of me in that line, to which I have been susceptible from my youth upward.

I dare say you have seen nothing of Godkin since he crossed to England. He is now at Torquay, and I hear from him at long intervals. From want of free locomotion his existence is hardly more than vegetating, though he reads freely, and has occasional visits from friends. He has apparently written his last composition.

My brother has just Christmased me with Scudder's "Life of Lowell," on completing which the poor man himself all but paid the debt of nature and is still very delicately poised. I thought of Lowell as I wrote the word "etching" above, and made the hasty reflection that his name and fame are not associated with a love of art or indeed of music. I asked a friend the other day if the son's "Life of Tennyson" revealed any affection in him for music, and, on returning to the book, he replied, "not a trace." This is all very odd and unintelligible to me, who cannot disassociate poetry from either art; yet my great namesake, most musical of orators, could hardly tell one tune from another even by the time — a hymn from Yankee Doodle — and was but an indifferent judge of poetry.

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November 28, 1902.

I enclose draft for your letter on Egypt, for which I rather grudged the space at this time (and sometimes I think in these useful *précis*, you are apt to forget by how much the half is greater than the whole)—a love pat out of Hesiod (?) which I trust you will forgive like a good Grecist. But I always am ready to say a good word for the most fascinating line of archæological research now being carried on anywhere on the globe.

April 13, 1903.

Do not be surprised if the Chicago Nortons drop in on you — i. e. on you Oxfordians — about the end of May. They sailed for Gibraltar on February 26th, have made the Spanish tour (Andalusia), and have attacked Italy by way of Naples. It is mostly an old story to my son-in-law, but a new world to my daughter, whose brief but racy letters show her keen enjoyment of every step of the way.

I am hoping they will get a glimpse of you and Dicey in the finest spot on earth, and will confirm to me the good news concerning your wife's improvement which was current in Chicago when they left.

June 8, 1903.

I have a right to be envious of you about this time, for, in spite of my daughter's lingering in France beyond all my expectation, I do not believe she could

TO LOUIS DYER

omit Oxford from her first impressions of England. Hence I infer that you have already seen her and her husband, kinsman at once of her (via Greene of Warwick, R. I.) and of you (via Mary Dyer). I learned by cable a day or two ago that they would sail on the 16th inst. I hope their visit has cemented our friendship.

June 28, 1903.

It would have been in place to anticipate your letter of the 20th with one of my own, in acknowledgment of your more than kind treatment of my children at Oxford. They arrived, after a voyage which was not too disagreeable, on Saturday last, both much improved in health and looks. Charles Norton set off the very next day for Chicago, and we have Katherine in our net (I fear I must add, in frankness, our mosquito net) for some weeks.

The engagements of the Diceys gave you the laboring oar in guiding and entertaining, and I hope you were not inconvenienced. Certainly you conferred great happiness on the pair, and proved how remote a kinship will stir a kindly man to good offices. They were not ungrateful, and the time may come when they can repay them to your children at least. It gratified me that they should make the acquaintance also of your wife and children. To Mrs. Dyer my thanks go out as well as to yourself.

Doubtless you saw the Degree conferred yesterday

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on Prof. Norton. I had the pleasure of meeting him when he visited New York for a possible final adieu to Mr. Godkin. Such, however, has proved to be the vigor of my old chief's constitution that he is enjoying a complete restoration of his limbs, and has a clear and active mind. He is summering in New Hampshire and talks even of crossing the Atlantic again this season, so my daughter heard while with you; but I doubt if he will be allowed to do so. He has not yet resumed his writing for the press, and the 70th volume of the *Nation* just closed has only a single article from his pen — the last before the stroke which temporarily disabled him.

October 16, 1903.

Your young Grecian excites my admiration. A rascal of a grandson of mine, whom I am trying to stimulate to learn to read English, has just achieved "birdsy" as spelling "pansy." How long before he will be found sitting at Plato's feet, I can't compute.

June 2, 1904.

At last I have been able to print your Harrison, with forty other Grecians held at bay (the familiar summer madness to get into my first measure). There is nothing new here, unless the miracle of my breaking away from my desk for nearly a week, to visit

TO LOUIS DYER

my daughter in Chicago. This is an "intermittent" geyser. It cannot play annually even.

July 12, 1904.

My daughter, having dropped her babies with me like foundlings, has been scouring the N. E. coast for an August lodgment, to be joined there by her husband. She should return to-day or to-morrow. In this shifting world, there is, I find, nothing stable but grandfathers and fathers-in-law.

July 7, 1905.

It was very good of you to enroll yourself among the *Nation's* staff in my honor as a steady-goer for forty years; but the complete surprise of the whole testimonial, and the necessity of making it a news topic in the *Post*, left a little bitter in my mouth. I have to reflect, too, that the distinction thus imposed on me is borrowed from the admirable company who have supported the *Nation* for more or less of the long period. My thanks to you for your share in it, and for a friendship which I cherish.

September 16, 1905.

You have done me a great kindness by sending me the *Scotsman's* article; and, sending my modesty to Coventry, I shall print your letter. This implies that the article on the Indemnity¹ was mine, as it was. The

¹ "A Premium on Aggression." See page 189.

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truth is, one of the delicacies of my position — and a chief cause of its being impossible for me to take more than a half-week's vacation the year round — is my liability to have to supply the *Post's* editorial deficiencies. In this case I offered them my idea, but they had not thought it out for themselves and could not grasp it. So I had to write the article myself.

The real gratification I owe to you is the evidence that what I write, somebody reads. Want of this is one of the discouragements of anonymous journalism. We go on shooting our arrows in the dark. If nobody says ditto, or nobody controverts, we are left to surmises. It gives me an odd sensation to think that the *Nation* may carry more weight in newspaper offices abroad than here, where nobody, so far as I know, has made any sign of having read my late article. So it was in the case of my recent fête. *Harper's Weekly* was the only paper (save one in Colorado in a news-clipping way) to notice the event, whereas the *Athenæum* took handsome notice of it, and the Publisher's Circular reprinted my acknowledgment entire. So Fisher Unwin was the sole publisher in all my acquaintance to offer me private congratulations.

Renewed thanks from the "prophet not without honor," etc.

III

TO GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

June 15, 1887.

I HAVE your telegram about change of base back to Beverly, and send you two more books. Holt got out the "Epicurean" merely because Haggard was said to have borrowed from it in his "She."

It was pleasant to see Lloyd in good company in the *Advocate* volume, but he was far from being represented by his best pieces. His first translation, from Béranger, and some verses *à la Herrick*, leave everything else behind, in my judgment.

January 7, 1888.

I can truthfully say that the approbation you bestow on my *Century* sonnets is not only more than I could expect from any quarter, but could hardly please me more coming from any other source. From boyhood my feelings have had to find expression sometimes in verse, but I believe since college days I have never appended my name to any in print before my Lincoln sonnet in *Harper's* in 1885.

It will interest you to know that the "Evening" sonnet was composed for a little celebration of Mrs.

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McKim's 70th birthday in 1883. The other followed next year, and had reference to quite another person — was more spontaneous, too, and imaginative, but not, of course, more (or less) sincere.

January 3, 1889.

Your cheerful letter of Dec. 9 from Rome (you don't mention Stillman, or Fiske, at Florence) almost dispenses me from wishing you a Happy New Year, as you are evidently in the midst of it. I share your delight in your English experience — creamy, all of it. You needed only Bryce, and he was in the last agonies over his great "American Commonwealth," which is now making much stir here, and is a lasting leaven of reform as well as a wellspring of the kind of self-knowledge which must in any nation precede reform. Bryce is now in India, indefatigable globe-trotter that he is, and will not return before February.

. . . Yesterday I took to the printer the first sheets of the final volume of my father's Life, which I finished on New Year's — the relief being the best gift I ever had. The drudgery of passing through the press now comes, and will last till June at least.

April 10, 1889.

I did n't mean to impose so much thought and inquiry on you as to Gray, but I am glad of a consensus, which I must respect even if it leaves me unenlight-

TO GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

ened or at least unconvinced. What bothers me in the verse¹ in question is the conjunction, since in your view Melancholy's marking of Gray would have to be a sort of *kindness*. Higginson, and I think most readers, take the opposite view. The youth labored under three disabilities — (1) humble origin; (2) whatever Science did to him by not frowning; (3) having a melancholy turn of mind. All belong in one category, else I feel the need of a disjunctive *but*. But basta!

October 22, 1889.

I did not recognize your hand in the [Boston] *Post's* review of W. L. G.,² but I carefully copied off the concluding sentence as being all the praise I could desire. I shall await with interest your fuller expression in the *Atlantic*. As the *conception* of the final chapter, together with most of the matter, was my own, I was particularly pleased with your satisfaction in it, for it was the subject of much debate in the family, and I stood quite alone in believing *restraint* and objectiveness to be as necessary here as in any other part of the work. I cheerfully yielded the floor to my sister and older brother, but they could not produce anything less amenable to criti-

¹ Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

² William Lloyd Garrison. Referring to the third and fourth volumes of his *Life* by W. P. G. and F. J. G.

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cism, and in the end my first draft was substantially adopted — with the improvement consequent upon so much searching criticism, as well as upon a stimulating of the memories of the family. As the critics so far generally give evidence of having read this chapter and been impressed by it, I feel that my literary instinct has been fully justified — and my filial instinct and affection not less. Although nothing is therein revealed which surpasses my father's care of his unfortunate brother, his treatment of the demoralized Knapp, his forbearance towards Rogers, his magnanimity towards Torrey, his forgiveness of my namesake, still, undoubtedly, in some ways there is a nearer approach to his personality and to the sources of the inspiration which you have felt after reading the "Inner Traits." I am glad that I have helped you to know my father, whose influence for good will not cease as long as men can read the self-revelation we have prepared of him.

I thank you sincerely for a judgment which I prize second to no one's of your generation.

November 25, 1889.

I have just read your notice of my father's Life in the *Atlantic*. Some of its general statements seem to me to be unsurpassable in justness and felicity and grasp; others I should have to quarrel with; but my general feeling is one of great thank-

TO GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

fulness that you can say so much that is good of the man and of the work, and in a magazine whose audience must be influenced by your judgments. I must make special acknowledgment of your singling out one of the jewels of the book — my father's review of Channing, which I think deserves to become classic. That my conception of the proper treatment of the domestic side of my father pleased you, is also highly gratifying. I can only hope that in all ways you feel yourself to have been repaid for the drudgery of reading those four huge volumes.

September 5, 1893.

Your heroic clearance was as timely as possible, for it found me almost incapacitated from making "announcements," owing to the sudden prostration of my wife, who all but lost her life in my arms in a recent journey homeward from her summer refuge. She is in New York, at a hotel, and so far recovered that I can get away to put the *Nation* to press. How long she will be spared to me is still very uncertain.

You do not say whether I may begin to send you books again (there is nothing very large in hand) now or on your return, or what your pleasure is to be about the magazines. The more I try X., the more dissatisfied I am with him; he is crude and queer, and I do not see the elements of growth in him. But

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neither do I see any one else to whom I should venture to trust what now goes to you, and I really feel very helpless. X. of Harvard is a good man (and a poet of one sonnet at least), but he is a little long-winded, and some of his literary judgments I cannot adopt. . . .

If you have any ideas on this subject, pray let me share them.

September 26, 1893.

X. wrote the Note about H. James, and it was longer and more calculated to wound; so, for old friendship's sake, I cut it down, and, equally for true friendship's sake, I let pass the salutary criticism.

Goldwin Smith wrote on Coleridge. I rather desired a critique of the *poet*, but did not expect it from him, nor did I know which way to turn. Besides myself, I hardly know anybody who reads in Coleridge's verse; and at his best I place him very near the front rank.

You will have seen the notice of my great loss. My wife died away from home on Friday last, and I have just returned from burying her at Auburn, N. Y.

November 6, 1895.

I readily avail myself of an excuse for writing to you. By this mail I send a contribution to your Shelley archives, being a French translation of the

TO GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

“Alastor.” It is a free gift, but you may be moved to write a brief Note about it.

You are, I trust, in good estate. For me the summer had unusual variety, though my actual vacation was brief as usual. I made a ten days’ trip to Nova Scotia, and from where the Jesuits first set foot on this continent I looked down to the shore settlement along the Annapolis Basin where my father’s existence was begun, and from which my grandfather and grandmother removed to Newburyport in 1805.

August 7, 1898.

I could have waited indefinitely for your acceptance of my slender sheaf of verse.¹ Indeed, where it was practicable, I bestowed the volume in person in order to prevent any written acknowledgment. Your words of commendation are more than gratifying, and weighty beyond any that have come to me. I think the ballast of quotations may have helped out the effect of the poetry, as it unquestionably did that of the pretty page; but they were all, without exception, afterthoughts (where not avowedly translations), and not *themes*. “Reality” was an exercise in building up an English sonnet on the first line of an ancient Italian, the rest being unknown.

The serial arrangement, too, is purely artificial;

¹ *Sonnets and Lyrics of the Ever-Womanly*. Privately Printed, 1898.

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the Petrarch sonnets, which come last, having been my first experiments with this form, and the opening sonnet the very latest (last year). A quarter of a century's unforced musing is here embraced in two covers. The selection according to the title was made solely as an excuse for publishing the two portraits, for the sake of my children and the surviving friends of both my wives.

Excuse my saying so much about my own performance, in which I apprehend you may read too much, though it contains nothing that is not genuine and germane to my feelings or experience. As opposed to its prevailing tone of sadness, I have endeavored to read between the lines of your later lyrics in the magazines some prospect of congratulating you on more cheerful prospects. "We poets begin in gladness."

I am delighted to learn that you have Hawthorne in hand, being sure of your eminent fitness for the task, with your Essex County pedigree at the front. Nothing could better express my idea of Hawthorne than your saying that his art interests you more than his substance. I am afraid I could not judge even his art fairly, so little does the man attract me. His pro-slavery bias counts for something in this, no doubt, and his ostentatious search for gloom and crime and mystery elsewhere than in our slave-ridden New World. In general he belongs for me with

TO GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

George Eliot, Dickens, and Thackeray, as an author to whose personality I cannot attach myself.

My family condition is as follows: my Katherine (Mrs. Norton) married and living very happily in Chicago; Lloyd, his wife and son Lloyd summering with the Kirkham grandparents at Hastings, N. Y.; Philip, living with me, and to wed Miss Marian Knight, probably in November, when they will make their home here. So as one prop is removed, another takes its place, and I am not left solitary. As usual, having no vacation, I get a weekly all-day tramp in this lovely country, as much salt bathing as I can at the Battery, and *quantum suff.* of intellectual stagnation during the hot weather.

When my household is reconstituted, I wish you would gladden it occasionally of a Sunday.

You may be interested to know that Kruell has just completed a portrait of Hawthorne in his grand manner, of which he thinks very well. I have not seen it.

April 21, 1900.

I think it was one of Bewick's vignettes, of a suicide by the rope, that bore the grim legend, *Sero se, serio*. So my hearty if tardy thanks are due you for the "Makers of Literature" that came to me with the Author's compliments.

Apropos of Bewick, a generous friend to whom I owe a large part of my more precious Bewickiana

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has just given me the "Emblems of Mortality," cut by John Bewick after Holbein's Dance of Death — i. e. white line interpreting black line; for the facsimile is discarded and many liberties are taken in favoring tone, tint, etc., and with the accessories. The Ploughman vignette sums up the difference between old and new style, and naturally not in favor of the new. The date is 1789. I do not know of any other such example.

July 28, 1903.

I have delayed answering your latest friendly message in the shape of your Ode ¹ till I could re-read it and sum up my impression of it. Frankly, it is this, that your fourth section, Emerson, seems a mere intercalation in a general invocation to your country. I will not guess that this squares with the actual fact of composition, but I cannot account otherwise for so much bread to so little sack; and if I am right in my surmise, I will add that I do not wonder, for Emerson does not seem to me a proper subject for an ode.

That there may be as many subjects for that form of verse as for a sonnet, I readily concede, and still the very structure of the ode, loose and varying, seems to call for a corresponding variety in the theme; whereas the note of uniformity, philosophic com-

¹ Ode read at the Emerson Centenary Services, Boston, May 24, 1903.

TO GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

posure, "obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime," is peculiarly Emersonian.

Nor, on the other hand, do I think the genius of your verse or of your poetic admirations has a close affinity with the poet Emerson. I will trust you to narrate his life as few others can, but I feel that to put yourself in poetic accord with him *poetically* (not critically) required an effort which shows in your verse, and makes it suffer in common with most occasional poetry.

So I return to your "Gibraltar" as *ein' feste Burg* !

July 30, 1903.

I do not grudge the third reading I have just given your Ode with the aid of your illumination. I now see more of Emerson in it than I did, but too allusively, it seems to me, remembering the theme *in the forefront* in Tennyson's "Bury the Great Duke," and in Wordsworth's "Stern Daughter of the Voice of God, O Duty!" You have sought unity elsewhere than in the man, or else have veiled it with your pre-luding. Put this to the proof by asking whether a stranger to the occasion would divine (without the caption) who was meant by "he" in your altered line —

A manhood race! such men as he foresaw.

Those four lines I do prefer to the original, but I do not feel that they contain the thread; they rather

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offer a new problem: Who is *he*? and even Who impose?

Such men as he foresaw,
Who —

in spite of the comma after *foresaw*, would delude the ear into linking *Who* with *he*, until the plural *impose* revealed the antecedent *men*. In other words, I think the elucidation should begin much further back.¹

As for your general scheme, I will remark that a poem, to be lasting, should be neither too allusive nor too subtle; and I would add not too consciously constructive. At least my own habit of working is averse to laying out in advance. I begin, heaven knows how; and I continue and end, heaven knows how. So was it with Goethe in his “Gefunden”: —

Ich ging im Walde . . .
Und nichts zu suchen,
Das war mein Sinn.

He had no intuition, he was after nothing in particular; and then he came on his Blümchen and translated rather than picked it.

Lest I might seem too censorious, I omitted in my last letter to query the rhymes *ideal* {^{reveal}_{appeal} in IV, V. Can you find any precedent for making *ideal* a dissyllable? Dr. Murray gives no countenance to it.

¹ The printed poem differs in some particulars from the MS. to which the letter refers.

TO GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

And can the metrical freedom of the ode give any but a prosaic scansion to the fourth line on the last page —

From the crown of my head, etc.?

Basta! and to think that you are the only person I venture to criticise in this way : proof of real esteem and jealousy for your poetic achievement.

September 4, 1903.

Your tribute to your colleague Price was duly received. All men spoke well of him, but I never met him, and think he never wrote for the *Nation*, though a few Southern men have always been on my list. With the best of them the black shadow may at any time arise to prove that this land is inhabited by two peoples; and so it may be for another hundred years.

December 17, 1903.

Once more I have to thank you for a token of your attachment to me, and of our common addiction to the Muse. I have sought the new pieces amid the old and the old amid the new, and with my ingrained critical habit have set a mark in the Contents against those which I like best — a trinity of the "Gibraltar," "O inexpressible as sweet," and "The Homestead." You do not despise these, but I know you would give them a different rating. I find in them nothing obscure, mystical, esoteric, or strained. They

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proceed firmly, directly, simply, and felicitously to their goal. With the others, in large measure and in a greater or less degree, I still wrestle; but I have discoursed of them before.

The *contents* which trouble me are the patriotic poems, so opposed to the final line of the "Gibraltar," and to the spirit of American democracy as I must believe.

Peace to the world from ports without a gun
admirably condenses what Coleridge wrote of the
Revolution of 1789 —

And, *conquering by her happiness alone*,
Shall France compel the nations to be free.

Read in that same glorious Ode to France how

To whelm the disenchanted nation,

The monarchs marched in evil day,
And Britain joined the dire array;
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,

Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance.

The highest patriotism that, and such as your Essex County Regiment can never have attained to. And if "the colors make the country," where in heaven's name was our fathers' excuse for revolting from their English flag? When I read that ominous line, I seemed to see the smug McKinley setting school-

TO GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

children to waving little flags, and it gave me a start to think that such verse and that longer rhapsody about "Our Country" (which never was, on land or sea) might lay your foundations to a claim to become the McKinley poet laureate — say at the dedication of that preposterous Canton monument. *Absit omen!*

Truly I mourn that our dear Essex County with its two voices of sea and mountains (or at least rough upland), should be so interpreted by one not the least of her poetic progeny.

It may please you — to turn from this subject — to learn that on Tuesday announcement was made at Harvard of a prize foundation in honor of my Lloyd, a silver medal and \$100 annually for the best poem. This from his own class.

I have lately returned, almost involuntarily, to Carducci, and have been trying my teeth on the first stanza of his wonderful *Ça ira*. I could n't fetch it in our common sonnet forms, but hendecasyllables helped me out.

IV

TO FREDERIC BANCROFT

February 14, 1900.

HAD I needed any reminder of my agreement to let you review C. F. Adams's *Life* of his father, the enclosed letter would have supplied it. I now send the book. Were I reviewing it myself, I could have much to say about the author's view of the abolition movement after 1844, when it reached not the climax but the beginning of its efficiency, whether as a Touchstone of the Union sentiment North and South, or of the political anti-slavery policies of the day. But I will not dictate your treatment of the book in any way.

February 16, 1900.

I am ready for a page on the Adams, and more than ready to have the pleasure of an interview with you. I am best caught in the latter part of the forenoon, or in the afternoon.

If you had the curiosity to turn to the *Texas* (1845) chapter in Vol. III of my father's *Life*, I think you would find some grounds for differing with C. F. A., Jr., as to there being no need for the moral stiffening furnished by the abolitionists after that date. It is

TO FREDERIC BANCROFT

the only time, I think, when my father was brought in contact with the elder Adams, who did not attend the London breakfast of 1867 (Vol. IV) — perhaps as a politic measure.

My chosen reviewer for your “Seward” seems a better man than any you have mentioned by name.

June 26, 1900.

Your notice of Storey’s “Sumner” reached me duly with your farewell. The length of it surprised me, as Sumner could hardly come up for rejudgment after Pierce’s volumes. When I came to read your MS. for the press, I could not feel justified in such a review of the man rather than of the book ; and, shall I not frankly add ? I find myself not in entire sympathy with your estimate of Sumner. Here my own personal recollection of the Senator gave me some confidence in differing from you. In brief, I laid down my pencil for a more convenient season in which to consider how much of your notice I could save. This shall be my early care.

By an odd paradox, my sympathy was more with you in your presentation of Seward than with your reviewer in the *Nation*, who rates him higher morally than I do, and seems to excuse some things to strategy which (like the proposed war with England) are unspeakably damnable. However, my reviewer knew much more of Seward personally than

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I ever did (I never saw him), and as I read his strictures on you without having your book before me, I concluded that you might have failed to use your superior knowledge of *inedita* in such a way as to preclude criticism. This was my aim in writing my father's Life. Opinions may and will differ regarding him to the end of time, but no one has ever attacked the record in the four volumes.

Another consideration that made me tranquil is a standing one: it is always a favor to any author to be criticised in a reputable medium by a competent hand (not necessarily infallible), not guided by malevolence. Then, the length of the review was a high testimonial to the importance of your work. And finally, the praise mixed with the censure should have gratified you, and promoted the sale and circulation of your work. In a word, I think we did you no harm, but the contrary.

September 8, 1900.

I thank you for taking in so good part the drastic treatment of your review of Storey, which still, as the event proved, served a good turn. Morse's apology was manifestly anything but *à cœur léger*. His quarter hour would have been still more uncomfortable if I had read the book and been aware of the acknowledgments to Nicolay and Hay which you cite. By a happy chance I have preserved nine tenths

TO FREDERIC BANCROFT

of your MS., and will send it to your brother with an explanation of its blue-penciling.

October 16, 1901.

I have in fact sent out Burgess for review, and regret that I cannot therefore gratify you with the job. The glance I gave the book convinced me that it is coarse, reactionary, ill-stressed, and little to be praised in any particular. Its calling John Brown a "dead beat" is a sample of what I mean. There is neither the dignity nor the truth of history in this.

December 12, 1903.

Our Mr. Ogden, the *Post's* chief editor, it is who meets with your approval for his Panama article. Did the world ever see such "strenuous" sophistry in bolstering up an indefensible cause? Never here, I think, since the days of slavery.

January 9, 1904.

Both Mr. Rollo Ogden and myself are the poorer for not owning your "Seward," but it seems a needless tax on your liberality to provide us both with a copy. I will only say that, while not declining a valuable gift, I should not feel slighted if the real director of the *Post's* policy with reference to Panama were remembered by you, and he alone. My hearty thanks for your good feeling. What observer of our

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affairs, whether native or foreigner, would not consider your letter,¹ if it could be published, as ominous? It is ominous that it should be written. We have a school-boy set over us, and our children's teeth will be set on edge.

Hay had a chance to throw his dead body in the way of Roosevelt's madness, but he had not the manhood.

August 26, 1904.

I hasten to exchange — I will not say my *perfunctory* thanks for your gift of your "Life of Seward," but my *unintelligent*, for a much livelier expression. It is my tantalizing fate to be obliged to pass on without reading, to my reviewers, books which I could heartily enjoy, and which would lend a solid basis to my editorial equipment. Such was the case with your work on its appearance, and I might never have read it, but for your kind bestowal of it.

I have just finished reading every word of it, with an interest and avidity which few novels evoke in me, and with a great enlargement of my knowledge both of Seward and of his time; also with a very high admiration of the manner in which you have discharged your delicate and laborious task. A more illuminating biography I think I never read, nor one

¹ Describing an official defence of Roosevelt's Panama policy.

TO FREDERIC BANCROFT

in which the marks of candor were more evident on every page.

Naturally, I have turned back to Gen. J. D. Cox's review of it in the *Nation*, and was pleased to observe that, however critical his comment, the amount of space devoted to the Life was not incommensurate with the rank which your biography must have in our American literature. One remark of his you may not have forgotten, that in no similar composition had he ever known the reader's opinion to be so guided at every step. I shall not discuss the justice of his strictures, conceding which, in some if not in all instances, I find them to relate to the defect of your quality — that sane and constant detachment which the candid historian strives to maintain, all the more if he is tinged with admiration for his subject. No wonder if he is sometimes tempted to stand so erect as to lean over backwards.

I cannot reproach you for not having, like the generality of writers on the slavery struggle, fathomed my father's policy of disunion; nor for using the term "radicals" sometimes in too vague and perhaps opprobrious signification. Your final judgments of Seward's temporizing policy are not always mine. But wherever I differ from you, I own that you have done nothing to obscure the issue or to make the worse appear the better reason. All is open and above-board, and there is a comforting sense that you have penetrated and comprehended your man.

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September 6, 1904.

You propose to yourself a heroic labor to re-read my father's Life, and if your sole object were to re-judge his Disunion policy, the chapter for 1844 would, I think, suffice. I believe I have comprehensively summed it up on pp. 118-119 of Vol. III, where every sentence must be weighed. The policy was the only complete checkmate to the Southern threat of disunion; it was the touchstone to the political anti-slavery parties and platforms; and, above all, it freed and purified the Abolitionists proper from the guilt of slavery. Under my father's guidance theirs was a purely moral agitation, and the doctrine was reached by a moral evolution, as appears in the chapters for 1842-43. Liberal Party men, Free-Soilers, and Republicans were all put on the defensive by it (as well as the South), and all shuffled and sophisticated over the Constitutional obligations respecting slavery. Heaven knows what they would have done if they had not been braced by the abolition disunion agitation.

I think I perceived in your "Seward" that you hold it to be a patriotic lese-majesty to entertain the idea of a divided territory and people under any condition of internal corruption. If this be true, I ask nothing more than that you look as tolerantly on my father as on Josiah Quincy and John Quincy Adams, who thought Missouri a fit occasion for separation, Charles Francis Adams and Channing, who thought Texas.

TO FREDERIC BANCROFT

I regret that I am so much slave of the desk as to have no vacation, and to be able to make few journeys. My chances of seeing you in Washington are therefore very slim. Here in my suburban woods it would give me great pleasure to have our talk at any time you may find yourself in New York, with a night or Sunday at your disposal.

November 25, 1905.

I'm delighted to be able to turn over to you "The Brothers' War," a significant book, I think. It has just been returned to me by Professor Y., whose adoration of the President is so deep that he cannot feel easy to maintain his literary connection with the *Nation*. He calls this a Garrisonian walking aloof.

V

TO UNNAMED CORRESPONDENTS

February 20, 1900.

MY DEAR X., — I lose no time in expressing my regret that I failed to find in your report of Y. a degree of interest, for our public, to warrant me in printing it. In fact, in general, these prompt reports of lectures belong rather to the daily paper than to the *Nation*, not strictly a *newspaper*. Your safest way is to summarize in a note. It may often happen that your full letter collides with equally urgent matter more consonant with our practice. Indeed, this was the case in the present instance. Three weighty and sadly long letters had instant claims for admission this week. A fourth would have overwhelmed my small *cadre*. More than half the care of my editorial function is in battling with the too much and the too little. This will excuse my fault-finding.

Believe that I am impatient of your love's labor lost.

October 21, 1902.

MY DEAR A., — My function in this office as the Butcher is well established. I now submit my latest

TO UNNAMED CORRESPONDENTS

work, with which I am rather well pleased except as dismembering a friend. I return the *exsecta* for your possible use. You will see to what a length the whole would have gone. Now all is compact and will be read with pleasure.

VI

TO F. W. TAUSSIG

September 3, 1904.

YOUR renunciation of our customary honorarium heightened the favor conferred. The *Nation's* service is mostly that of love, even when paid for, and it is a pleasure to acknowledge the manifestation of that spirit on your part. Be assured that we shall always welcome anything from your pen.

February 13, 1905.

You will have read Professor Francke's appeal for a Germanic Museum building, in the last *Nation*. As a fellow Vice-President of that institution with yourself, I feel moved to express the wish that the wealthiest Germans in this country might here discover their great opportunity to proclaim the alliance of the German and the Anglo-Saxon spirit. On the side of the spirit I have long felt that German Americans have not distinguished themselves in proportion to their numbers. Whether the millionaires among them in the West exceed this class in the East, I don't know; nor have I any reason for thinking that you have greater access to them than

TO F. W. TAUSSIG

I. So my present writings must be viewed only as a pious desiderium.

July 20, 1905.

The absence of your name from the list ¹ which it would have adorned, I too regret, but this comes of doing things (even well meant) behind one's back. Your approbation will help keep me content to pursue a routine which, as being unshared, has necessarily a rather wearisome monotony.

¹ Of signers to the fortieth anniversary testimonial.

VII

TO JAMES FORD RHODES

January 5, 1894.

DEAR MR. RHODES, — I could but feel a delicacy in accepting your gift toward the promotion of the *Nation's* circulation, especially since the appeal to which it comes in response was not a cry of distress but a part of the regular mechanism of the publisher's department. I have accordingly taken counsel with the publisher, to learn that the hard times have really driven a certain number of subscribers of late to abandon their reading of the paper. With your permission, therefore, we shall hold your gift in trust for such cases, selecting the most deserving.

By a pleasing coincidence I received this morning from your brother-historian, Mr. James Schouler, an incidental expression of his confirmed regard for the *Nation* as an old-time reader. And, to cite a third historian, I remember that the late Francis Parkman, on occasion of a similar circular, made a free-will offering like your own. This was many years ago, in our day of small things.

I am glad that you feel intellectually in debt to the *Nation*, as this is one of the rewards of an editor's

TO JAMES FORD RHODES

faithful endeavor: but, of course, the *Nation* stands also for the moral and scholarly élite (not of this country alone) who have contributed to the body of its criticism in politics and in letters.

With hearty thanks for your support in all senses,
I am

Yours with great respect,

W. P. GARRISON.

January 15, 1895.

It was very kind of you to remember me on Christmas Day with a line. But a few days before your letter from Luxor came, I had the gratifying assurance from our mutual friend, Prof. E. G. Bourne, that you were nearly or quite yourself again, and this you now confirm. My hearty congratulations on your recovery of that which above all makes life worth living.

. . . Mr. Godkin was much gratified by your praise of the *Nation* as a comforter *in partibus infidelium*. He and I are now finishing the thirtieth year of a close and most harmonious partnership, and I have a natural sentiment that this should not terminate until the *Nation* has, like the *Liberator*, attained its thirty-fifth year. Mr. Godkin was lately the recipient of a remarkable private testimonial from the ladies of New York for his anti-Tammany crusade, which was most associated with the *Evening*

LETTERS

Post only, but really began when the foundations of the *Nation* were laid.

March 4, 1905.

It pleases me that our reviewer so far succeeded in pleasing you. But for a contretemps, the notice would have appeared much earlier. However, I console myself for all tardinesses of this sort by reflecting on the *Nation's* utility as a work of reference, — a utility which it would not have earned except by preferring solid to swift judgment.

To me, both personally and professionally, General Cox's loss was irreparable. More and more difficult it becomes to find reviewers for the military and political events of the last half-century. But perhaps they will last as long as I have need of them. I often ask myself how long this thing is going to keep up!

May 16, 1906.

I sincerely congratulate you on the termination of your egregious labor, even if the announcement ends with the note of "Refrain." Your breaking-off place seems to me highly fitting, although as an Ohio man you must have enjoyed recording what Hayes did for national decency and for good government. Since you mention Mr. Schurz, I will repeat his impressive affirmation to me of the enormous gain to the White House manners and those of official Wash-

TO JAMES FORD RHODES

ington from Hayes succeeding Grant and his shady associates.

To your "Refrain" I can join my own. I have delayed too long to notify you in advance of any public announcement that I have resigned my editorship of the *Nation*, to take effect July 1, at the close of the present volume. My system has been too much impoverished, especially during the past year, by my incessant labors, and there was no excuse from a severance of relations for which I can never find an equivalent in the intellectual field. My personal loss is too apparent to be dwelt upon. I take leave of yourself with renewed acknowledgments of the kind part you played in the testimonial of a year ago. It flatters me to class myself, however humbly, among the historians, both in respect of my father's Life and of the *Nation's* annals. Hereafter, having for the first time a free foot, I hope to be seen oftener in Boston, and to perfect acquaintances now chiefly on paper.

Best wishes for a pleasant time and a safe return.

VIII

TO JAMES M. HUBBARD

July 7, 1905.

THE well-kept secret of that testimonial was revealed yesterday to my utter amazement, and some distress of mind, in view of the publicity thought necessary. Your signature to the address brought no new information, for you have never concealed your cordial feeling towards me. Nor need I reassure you of my own. I believe the *Nation* has been distinguished by a real harmony and reciprocity of esteem between its conductor and its staff, and happy the editor who has the confidence of such a staff. You have been one of its most disinterested and indefatigable members, and have deserved a testimonial as truly as myself.

April 29, 1906.

. . . Were I to show you Mr. M.'s two personal letters, it would reveal a confidence I will no longer withhold from so warm a friend as yourself — viz., that the *Nation* will know me no more as Editor after the close of the present volume. My strength has been oozing out for nigh a year past, and while my organs are still sound it behooves me to get out of

TO JAMES M. HUBBARD

harness, never to return to it. I have accordingly planned for a full year of recuperation, in which New England, to be sure, plays a considerable part; but I need the shore, the water, and the carrying out of some cherished genealogical projects in the Province. I shall make first for New Brunswick.

The *Nation* will go on without me, and staff matters will probably undergo few immediate changes. I forbear to dwell on the spiritual momentousness of the change to me, which I can liken to the settling down of a great fog over that host of acquaintances and co-laborers whose expected or unexpected daily intercourse has been the joy of my profession for forty-one years. But I must have parted from them at seventy, on any rational expectation of endurance, and I must heed the command of Nature if she draws the line at sixty-six.

This news I rather prefer not to have spread abroad at present, though not a few now have it.

IX

TO PAUL T. LAFLEUR

April 14, 1906.

DEAR MR. LAFLEUR, — Our Mr. Mather will be much pleased with your approval of his recent article.

If Brunetière's "Balzac" does not arrive before you sail, it can readily pursue you abroad — but you must leave me your address. I will set you down for it. But now I must make what is to me a very important confidence: when you return, I shall no longer be editor of the *Nation*. The truth is, I have remained too long in the mill, practically without any vacation whatever, and for the past nine months I have been falling away in nutrition and digestion, with a visitation of sciatica from which I am just emerging. Sentimentally, I should have liked to round out forty-five years and make my bow at seventy, but if Nature says forty-one and sixty-six respectively, "The wise thinks only to obey." Accordingly, my resignation has gone in, and my successors [have been] appointed. Of course all my contracts and engagements will be honored.

This change is known to a number of persons, but it is desirable not to advertise it now. I have not even

TO PAUL T. LAFLEUR

told our friend Colby, though that will be before long.

It is rude in me to suggest a care to you before you sail so soon, but make it no care by disregarding what follows. I am sending you, in another wrapper, a little brochure of youthful poems by my deceased son — *valde deflendus*. At page 23 you will find his "Chloris," an adaptation, as he says, from Béranger's "Glycère"; but I have searched many editions in vain, and better scholars have sought to help me in vain. If you do not recall the original (of whatever poet), take no trouble to seek it. If you know among your colleagues one well versed in French poetry and obliging enough at his entire leisure to look about a little, I will not object and shall indeed be grateful.

A prosperous journey to you, and may we some time meet again.

April 15, 1906.

Instinct is a great matter, and how rarely it was exemplified in my resorting to you, and your going straight to Sainte-Beuve for the elusive poem. I cannot be too grateful to you for this discovery, having in mind some time to reprint my son's verse, and wishing to couple his adaptation with the original.

And now what shall I say to all your kind words about our relations? This, without egotism, that I have tried to merit your eulogism — there could be no higher — where you speak of the liberty I have

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allowed to my co-laborers consistently with the ideals and traditions of the *Nation*. I have refused to make their judgments square with my prejudices or ignorance, or their style with my rhetorical notions. I have trusted them and they have lovingly responded. I thank you with emotion for having perceived this, and for permitting me to preserve this honorable tribute with others similar which this time of parting evokes.

I do not believe we shall quite lose sight of each other. Though I may, after my withdrawal, be seldom in New York, my home will continue to be not far off, in Llewellyn Park, Orange, N. J., and when occasion brings you to the metropolis, I hope you will give me an opportunity to entertain you.

Especial thanks, dear Mr. Lafleur, for your pains in transcribing "*Glycère*."

Once more, a prosperous journey to you.

Gratefully and cordially yours,

WENDELL P. GARRISON.

X

TO F. P. NASH

October 15, 1900.

I BELIEVE that you have had previous volumes in the Oxford new classical series, and so send you the Virgil and Cæsar (de B. G.). I don't know that they will suggest even a few lines to you.

Let me use this occasion to thank you heartily for your feeling words of consolation. And will you extend this acknowledgment to McDaniels? Tell him, *Je me recueille*. There is an immediate compensation in the taking into my family of Lloyd's noble wife and lovely children, and in the birth of a son to my daughter, Mrs. Norton, the day after her beloved brother was buried.

Tenderly and gratefully yours.

February 17, 1902.

Believe me that I never grudged you a line of the notice of the Oxford book, being but too thankful to find in you an expert competent to deal with so abstruse a subject. It is such reviews that give the *Nation* the reputation for which you would make "the man behind the gun" responsible. In my craft the passengers count for more than the tillerman.

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March 28, 1902.

I was truly sorry to conclude that I could not accept your flattering invitation for June. My mind is so much occupied with endless routine, and with occasional outside jobs, that it is far from bursting for expression on miscellaneous subjects, and needs much leisure and repose to prepare anything worthy of a set occasion. Then, my inherited habit and the contracted space of the *Nation* have cultivated conciseness, so that even half an hour's *discourse* seems prolix to me. But a certain amount of prolixity is necessary to make discourse genial and agreeable.

November 14, 1902.

I fully agree with you about Carducci's excessive production; but of how many great and genuine poets this is true! One feels this acutely in Goethe's case when one views the sweepings of album pieces and the like carefully bound up with his masterpieces. It is the penalty of greatness, and the juvenile offences must, as you suggest, often be perpetuated by their author in self-defence against pirates and botchers. Besides, they have their moral and psychologic worth, like all beginnings.

I have but just begun on Carducci's volume, and, dipping in at random, I have discovered only one poem which seems to me below the level of his reputation — "The Turk's Harvesting." It belongs in

TO F. P. NASH

the category of "occasional verse," which is the poet's greatest pitfall the world over.

The volume was given me by my friend Signora Mario, "J. W. M." of our Italian correspondence, who waited until she could procure an inscription from the poet's own hand. Having quite unexpectedly been led to rhyme in English his inimitable rhythm in "In una Villa," it occurred to me that I might use it in print as an acknowledgment of Carducci's courtesy; and then that some of my friends might like the Italian at least. So I had more than one copy struck off.

October 7, 1903.

I venture to send you, for as brief mention as you please, a volume of post-Augustan Latin selections, which would have looked very tempting to me as a school-boy, and which perhaps deserves a good word. Also, one on Italy and the Italians, which seems to me better than its denominational imprint might lead us to expect. But you shall judge.

You are, I trust, much the better for your *Wanderjahre*. It is good to think of you as being on this side of the water again. I need not say that your letter to me from Paris was most gratifying in every aspect — quite as much to me as a friend as in the capacity of verse-maker: but I did appreciate very much Mrs. Nash's approval of the *feeling* of my little collection.

LETTERS

July 8, 1905.

You can imagine the weight of correspondence suddenly thrown upon me by the stunning event of Thursday — a bolt out of a clear sky if there ever was one. Hence the delay in acknowledging your most kind and affectionate private greeting on an anniversary which hardly seems my own. I am quite unable to respond adequately to so sudden an outpouring of regard from a body of men whom you rightly place among the élite of this nation, and of the English-speaking world. Of a general good-will to my fellows I am conscious, and this is touched here and there into a closer sentiment of warm regard or of love; but my somewhat cold nature looks with surprise on the attachment revealed in the letters you have selected for me, and which, as I wrote S., I read with a sense of impropriety. Still, that saying of Coleridge's —

O Lady, we receive but what we give,

has both a mechanical and a psychical verity, and the testimonial given to the plodding editor owes its warmth to some latent emanation from himself which he hardly suspected.

I thank you with all my heart for your long friendship and collaboration, and for your not inconsiderable labor in connection with the testimonial, which will appear more real to my posterity than it can

TO F. P. NASH

ever appear to me. You need envy me nothing, while I envy you the privacy from which I have been dragged into the common light of day. This I could well have spared.

July 22, 1905.

I am glad your labors with the testimonial are nearing an end. I shall quietly put the stragglers in my casket with the rest; and they must be satisfied with my statement that the list necessarily fell short under the circumstances. Renewed thanks for so much trouble animated by so much good-will. It was truly gratifying to learn of your son's harking back to Italy in his engagement —

Où le père a passé
Passera bien l'enfant.

And how I envy you the pleasure of a return to your fosterland under such conditions.

I took with me to Niagara Falls the other day, when I enjoyed the company of Goldwin Smith, the first volume of D'Azeglio's "Memoirs," and found it equal to its reputation for delightful and morally bracing reading.

August, 1905.

I am sorry that I cannot take your view of the necessity of printing a supplementary list of friends and contributors to the testimonial. Obviously, with reference to the 6th of July there was a time when

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the list must be closed for first publication ; and the 13th brought a natural final closure, under circumstances which those left out could clearly understand, and would, if reasonable, not quarrel with. In fact, though I have received several expressions of disappointment, no one has expressed a hope of a supplementary roster. And you will see that if those actually served with the circular are alone included in the new list, those who escaped service would have their grievance. I think I can trust the good sense of my staff.

XI

TO G. N. S.

July 24, 1903.

YOUR letter reaches me promptly, and I celebrate its arrival by preparing the Tebtunis for the printer, with not a line erased. After begging my contributors to take in sail in view of the September breakers, I have been almost panic-stricken by fear of a shortage, and have had to drum up the tardy and promise them much elbow-room. I believe I am now safe, but such crises, annually recurring, remind me how risky it is for the *Nation* to have but a single hand at the helm. And I naturally also ask myself if my judgment is getting weak. Hence you may judge of my satisfaction with your praise of recent numbers.

October 1, 1904.

A fortnight ago to-day I set out for Middlebury, Vt., to be the guest of my friend Mr. Means, and to walk with him for four days, if possible, among the Green Mountains. We struck that cold wave of September 20-22, but that only gave us finer coloring in the foliage; the sequel of the frost was a rain which docked our tramping just one half. On the second day we took the rail to Montpelier, and there

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I had the pleasure of seeing my classmate Wright and his family, but in a divided way, as he had a vestry meeting to conduct. He looks well and vigorous, and keeps his gray hairs under, not with the helmet, but with baldness and shaving. Thirty-one years ago I was his guest in the same place.

October 4, 1905.

The *Post* made an editorial article out of the book I am sending you, but I rather preferred the regular review. I refer to the Life of the late Professor E. North. It is bulky, but highly skippable. It may suggest to you some reflections on the bright side of the small college.

I am fairly immeshed in the autumn product of our book-presses, and shall be busy enough till spring.

My New York grandchildren are still with me, and I hope we shall not part company till the 20th. I have at last seen my way to procure a lantern as a permanent article of furniture in my home, and expect to have many happy hours with these and other youngsters in showing off my slides, of which I have a fair number already.

May 14, 1906.

I gladly print the enclosed.¹ I could not myself have written the *Nation* article ² (*scil. Post*).

¹ On the Crapsey incident.

² *Nation*, vol. 82, p. 359, "Clerical Veracity."

TO G. N. S.

There was too much casuistry in Sidgwick's position. (This morning comes a notice of his "Life and Letters.")

I am getting on very well, and each day my freedom — "a defeated joy," as Shakspeare has it — draws nearer. My first action will be the voyage to New Brunswick. What follows is mapped out, but is more or less uncertain as to date.

June 1, 1906.

I myself am more than fairly well, though I make no flesh. I shall pull comfortably through till *finis* comes — *finis Nationis* at least. And that bit of Latinism reminds me that Senter has just re-read Felton's Greek Reader, to his entire satisfaction except in the wretched print. If shut up to it, I believe I could do the same, but more toilsomely. It was a good book, and I am glad we were brought up on it.

June 23, 1906.

It would have gratified me much to be able to gratify your sentiment about appearing in my last number. . . . Well, every day I say: Here I must pause; responsibility passes, and the new men must take up the parable.

Do not think that my prevailing tone is sad. Emotional moments occur as one after another among the *Nation* men says good-bye in terms of warmth and

LETTERS

affection akin to your own — yesterday from Japan. But my grand refusal has been made without shrinking and without repining. The future does not now concern me. I have virtually a year's leave of absence, with a life pension if I can bring myself to accept. My intellectual interests can never leave me idle or discontented. I hate change, but I adjust myself readily to the new order.

My immediate plans are as follows: On July 9 I take ship for Portland, where I hope to have an hour or two with Thaxter. My destination is the St. John River, and my diversion exploring the records of my father's ancestors and completing my acquaintance with the country. It is quite impossible to estimate how long this will detain me. Returning, I shall call on a cousin in Halifax, touch at Boston and at Providence, and wind up in August at Martha's Vineyard, where my daughter Katherine has taken a cottage for the summer, at West Chop. John Ritchie is close by at Cottage City, and had previously agreed to take me in. Here I shall stay till about Sept. 15, when I must release my Philip for his shooting on Lake Ontario. After that my plans are vague, but include taking the highroad with my knapsack, as long as the fine weather lasts.

I am just about pulling through and ask no more.

TO G. N. S.

ST. JOHN, N. B., July 14, 1906.

I left home by sea on Monday last at as low an ebb of strength and enjoyment of life as I have ever experienced. My family would have detained me by force; but it was better to break away than to deliquesce like a jelly-fish at home. I had two days and a night with Thaxter at his delightful home on Cushing's Island in Portland Harbor, and I charged him solemnly to run down and spend a night with you. Had time and force permitted, I would have done it myself.

I am detained here two days by the failure of my trunk to arrive with me. On Monday I expect to ascend the St. John River for a week or so, returning to this hotel, when, if much improved (and I am already better), I may cross over to Halifax to visit a cousin, and thence to Boston. My daughter Katherine has taken a cottage at Martha's Vineyard, and I expect to spend most of August and part of September with her. Then I shall go home to plan a few excursions before winter sets in.

I hope you will not fail of your European trip, and that you can visit us in Orange while awaiting your steamer. May you forget your cares as completely as I have already forgotten the *Nation*. I have a great faculty for breaking sharp off with the routine of years.

Hardy was kind enough to report our Class dinner

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for us. His letter, which I here enclose, has been shared with Thaxter.

ORANGE, N. J., September 18, 1906.

I was much relieved to learn of your successful operation. Your condition must have been not only distressing but dangerous. I have had nothing so bad as that, and while my sciatica has not wholly left me, and my digestion is still my weak point, I believe I am on the ascent. My stay at Martha's Vineyard was decidedly beneficial; I am now in the midst of diversion; and after the remarriage of Mrs. Lloyd Garrison, which takes place on the 29th, I am going to spend the month of October with my daughter at Lake Forest. This, I think, should finally set me up. Meantime I have begun a series of treatments at the hands of an expert masseur. . . .

I thank you heartily for the solicitude expressed in your letter. It was very good of you to write to me. If N. is returned, pray give him my warm regards, and tell him that having read four fifths of Carducci's verse this summer, I quite agree with his verdict, which I have cherished. Some opportunity may arise to ventilate my reflections on this poet.

The *Atlantic* has made me overtures for essays, but I have declined to make any engagements for 1907. My winter occupation is gradually taking on

TO G. N. S.

a form, but everything will be subordinated to my recovery.

LAKE FOREST, ILL., October 29, 1906.

I take leave of my daughter and her unfailing attentions on Thursday next, Nov. 1, to return directly home. I regret to add that my physical condition is, as when leaving Martha's Vineyard last month, at a sort of anticlimax, an obstinate cold having contributed to pull me down, in combination with weather that has kept me housed for several days. (As I write, the ground is white with falling snow.) I fear I have begun to lose flesh again, and it is time I returned to my own physician and began a concerted attack on the enemy. A weak back reduces my reading capacity to a minimum, and produces an inertia that forbids creative writing. My son-in-law has called in the masseur, which is well as far as it goes, and I had had a few treatments before leaving home; but it seems almost absurd to thump a skeleton. So, for the moment, "*Mit schwarzen Segeln segelt mein Schiff,*" or, in Carducci's fine rendering of Heine, "*Passa la nave mia con vele nere.*"

Your friendly interest alone would induce me to burden you with these invalid details, for I more and more perceive how easily one lapses into talk about himself and his petty miseries. I believe I have half engaged to keep you posted as to my progress, and this shall be my excuse,

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ORANGE, N. J., December 8, 1906.

I have been for some time meaning to write you, but have delayed for want of something definite to report. One precious thing I have now recovered, though it is still under electrical treatment, to wit, my backbone. This has fairly restored me to life, as I can walk (subject to very tottery legs), read and write, and regulate my days with pleasure and economy. As things were, I had written a little something for the *Nation* every month except July, and presently you will see a longer essay in my forthcoming notice of Erasmus's Correspondence — a sort of *soufflé* of my very superficial acquaintance with that great man and his writings. I was led into this by my desire to know him better, and for the same reason I am implicated in another long review anent my old friend, Jean Jacques. To these temptations from the office I am always liable, but I decline miscellaneous tenders of books. My time-table for the winter is not yet established, and cannot be so long as I am a slave to medical treatment; but I have a job I would fain execute when my steady progress towards recovery is assured.

You will be pleased to know that a consulting physician has found my organism as sound as did my own.

From the foregoing you may perceive that I shall be no obstacle to your little visit before sailing.

TO G. N. S.

Count upon it as we do, and come and view the nest, the baby, the happy parents, their father, and the Vase.

I am expecting this afternoon a singularly graceful gift from John Forbes's daughter, Mrs. Hughes (most like him in face and temper of all his children). She has been an occasional contributor to the *Nation*, and sends me a souvenir, of double interest and value, being one of Mrs. Stillman's water-colors.

LLEWELLYN PARK, ORANGE, N. J.,
December 21, 1906.

S. sleeps here to-night and stays over till Sunday, and thoughts of Geneva are naturally in my mind. I shall tell him, what I now tell you, that a week from to-day I must undergo examination, possibly an operation, for the cause of my depleted system, which barely holds its own against innutrition. There is some risk according to what may be discovered, and I am beginning provisional good-byes — to you now, with all regret. For a little souvenir of our friendship I am mailing to you a carbon print of my patron saint Rousseau, after Allan Ramsay's oil painting in the National Gallery at Edinburgh, painted by Hume's order in 1766. It is one of the two authentic portraits that have come down to us, and by far the more interesting. The print I had made myself, and Kruell has engraved it, but not quite with his usual success.

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I have an uneasy feeling that I gave you a copy some time ago (this is my last). If so, pardon me, and give it to McDaniels on his return, or to the College Library. I could have framed it, but this has been too long put off.

With grateful regard for all your good-will to me, and many kindnesses, and in the hope that the doctor's fears may be falsified, I am
Steadfastly your old friend.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J., January 10, 1907.

I might have written you *propria manu* the day after my operation, which had no perceptible effect on my system in any way or degree beyond the local wound; but I knew my children could be trusted to keep you informed of my condition. That has since steadily improved, and I am at last allowed to be propped up twice a day in bed, as I am now. The sun is streaming in upon me; I have just had a visit from my daughter Alice. My Katherine at Lake Forest on Sunday was delivered of a splendid boy baby, to be known as Charles McKim.

Under these auspices, I think you can cheerfully take leave of my gaunt body in the reasonable expectation of finding it repaired and rounded out on your return. My love will attend you wherever you go; and share it also with our good Fiske.

TO G. N. S.

I have dispensed Marian from writing to your ship.

The little Italian dialect volume will surely amuse me.

XII

LAST LETTERS

DR. RUNYON'S SANATORIUM,
SOUTH ORANGE, N. J., January 20, 1907.

DEAR MR. POLLAK, — For the first time in nearly four weeks I am sitting bolt upright, and I begin celebration of this luxury by acknowledging your first letter of sympathy and family news — all most welcome and earning my heartiest thanks. I cannot reply in any proportionate measure. . . .

Success to your Grillparzer. My own future occupation promises to be quite as great as I can cope with, and I may prove to be very little of my own master. Dabbling in art has been in my mind and may be attempted, but I should more naturally resume wood-engraving than turn to wood-carving; though my mechanical hands can hardly have grown skillful by disuse. A book or two floats through my mind, and I shall always be noticing for the *Nation* books which relate to my hobbies. . . .

It is good to be reminded of your family and of your continued friendship for one whom you have always overrated and who now signs himself,

Gratefully yours, WENDELL P. GARRISON.

GUSTAV POLLAK.

LAST LETTERS

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

February 18, 1907.

MY DEAR THAYER, — Your thoughtful and feeling letter was addressed to one who is of little further use and to be included in the Necrology of the next *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*. An abdominal tumor is devouring me and it is time to think of a *partita onesta*. Your words are all too kind. Your friendship in the past most constant and loyal. Thanks and good-bye.

WENDELL P. GARRISON.

per K. N. G.

W. R. THAYER.

(Extract from a farewell letter to Mrs. Henry Villard, dated December 21, 1906, received by her after her brother's death.)

I pass into the sleep we call death without apprehension or hesitation. Much I should have liked to do — not necessary but interesting, and meanwhile watched the growth of the second generation, so varied in appearance and character. Something I had counted on satisfying with you this winter — my imperishable love of music. It was not to be, and I submit.

THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF
THE NATION

A NOTEWORTHY ANNIVERSARY¹

FORTY years ago to-day, July 6, 1865, was published the first number of the *Nation*. From the very beginning until now, its literary editor has been Mr. Wendell Phillips Garrison; and in recognition of his long and rare service, a number of contributors to the *Nation* have, on this anniversary, quietly prepared a testimonial of their admiration and regard. Their names stand for so much, and the tribute they pay is so distinguished, that the *Evening Post*, even at the risk of going counter to Mr. Garrison's spirit of self-effacement, must record the high honor done to one of whom all his colleagues in this office are proud. To have directed for forty years, with such zeal and taste and lofty ideals, a journal reflecting the finest scholarship and the soundest public morals of America, is an achievement without parallel in our literary annals. How fortunate the *Nation* was from the first in its corps of contributors may be seen from the list of them printed in its earliest issue. After premising in its prospectus that it would "not be the organ of any party, sect, or body," and promising to "make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit," while

¹ Editorial in the New York *Evening Post*, July 6, 1905.

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entrusting its art and literary criticism to "writers possessing special qualifications," it stated that it embraced "among its regular or occasional contributors" the following names:—

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,	PROFESSOR TAYLER LEWIS
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,	(Schenectady),
JOHN G. WHITTIER,	JUDGE WAYLAND,
SAMUEL ELIOT (ex-President	FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED,
Trinity College, Hartford),	REV. DR. MCCLINTOCK,
PROFESSOR TORREY (Harvard),	REV. DR. JOS. P. THOMPSON,
DR. FRANCIS LIEBER,	REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS,
PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH	REV. DR. BELLAWS,
(Oxford),	C. J. STILLE,
PROFESSOR CHILD (Harvard),	HENRY T. TUCKERMAN,
HENRY JAMES,	BAYARD TAYLOR,
CHARLES E. NORTON,	C. A. BRISTED,
JUDGE BOND (Baltimore),	C. L. BRACE,
EDMUND QUINCY,	RICHARD GRANT WHITE,
PROFESSOR W. D. WHITNEY	WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,
(Yale),	SYDNEY GEORGE FISHER,
PROFESSOR D. C. GILMAN	THEODORE TILTON,
(Yale),	JAMES PARTON,
JUDGE DALY,	GAIL HAMILTON.
PROFESSOR DWIGHT (Columbia	
College),	

Of that eminent list, four survive, and three still write for the *Nation*. One of them, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, prepared the subjoined note of congratulation:—

OF THE NATION

July 6, 1905.

DEAR MR. GARRISON, — We wish to congratulate you upon completing forty years as literary editor and of late as director of the *Nation*.

Your service, performed quietly, but without rest or compromise, has been of great value. You have made the *Nation* for more than a generation the chief literary journal in America — the medium of the best criticism, and the mouthpiece of high intellectual ideals. Long may you have strength to continue in this inestimable work. As we send you our greeting, we cannot forget how easily and with what graciousness you transmute your editorial relation into friendship.

Cordially yours,

— — —.

With Professor Norton were associated Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Mr. Goldwin Smith, and Mr. James Ford Rhodes, while Mr. William Roscoe Thayer and Professor J. H. McDaniels were the committee to receive signatures. As the purpose of the committee could be carried out only on condition that it should be an entire surprise to Mr. Garrison, no complete list of contributors to the *Nation* since its inception could be secured, but only such a partial one as could be obtained by stealth. Hence the inevitable omission of a good many names, chiefly of

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the older contributors, to the great regret of the committee, who will gladly add the names of any one who should have, but has not, received their circular. Circulars for signature may be obtained from Professor Francis Philip Nash, Geneva, N. Y.

In alphabetical order, the signatures are as follows :

WILBUR C. ABBOTT,
CHARLES F. ADAMS,
GEORGE BURTON ADAMS,
FREDERIC BANCROFT,
AD. F. BANDELIER,
CARL BECKER,
BERNHARD BERENSON,
CARL EDWARD BILLQUIST,
WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP,
GEORGE WILLIS BOTSFORD,
EDWARD G. BOURNE,
H. P. BOWDITCH,
GAMALIEL BRADFORD,
WM. ASPINWALL BRADLEY,
W. HAND BROWNE,
W. C. BROWNELL,
JAMES BRYCE,
CARL DARLING BUCK,
JOHN H. BUCK,
CHARLES J. BULLOCK,
WM. H. BURNHAM,
JAMES DAVIS BUTLER,
WM. H. CARPENTER,
LUCIEN CARR,
ALEXANDER F. CHAMBERLAIN,
TITUS MUNSON COAN,
CHARLES W. COLBY,
MARTIN CONWAY,

MONCURE D. CONWAY,
ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE,
LANE COOPER,
KENYON COX,
T. FREDERICK CRANE,
R. J. CROSS,
WM. H. DALL,
WINTHROP MORE DANIELS,
W. M. DAVIS,
N. DARNELL DAVIS,
FRANK MILLS DAY,
A. V. DICEY,
FRANK HAIGH DIXON,
WM. E. DODD,
DANIEL KILHAM DODGE,
LOUIS DYER,
ALICE MORSE EARLE,
JAMES C. EGBERT,
OLIVER FARRAR EMERSON,
EPHRAIM EMERTON,
S. F. EMMONS,
GASTON FAY,
WM. I. FLETCHER,
WORTHINGTON C. FORD,
WILLIAM E. FOSTER,
HAROLD N. FOWLER,
WILMER CAVE FRANCE,
KUNO FRANCKE,

OF THE NATION

CHRISTINE LADD FRANKLIN,	FRIEDRICH HIRTH,
FABIAN FRANKLIN,	JACOB H. HOLLANDER,
SAMUEL GARMAN,	E. WASHBURN HOPKINS,
JAMES M. GARNETT,	JAMES MASCARENE HUBBARD,
RICHARD GARNETT,	CHARLES H. HULL,
GEORGE P. GARRISON,	GAILLARD HUNT,
BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE,	JAMES H. HYSLOP,
CHAS. R. GILLETT,	EMMA NORTON IRELAND,
DANIEL C. GILMAN,	A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON,
LAWRENCE GODKIN,	T. A. JÄGGAR,
GEORGE LINCOLN GOODALE,	WILLIAM JAMES,
CASPER F. GOODRICH,	W. H. JOHNSON,
WILLIAM W. GOODWIN,	MARY AUGUSTA JORDAN,
C. H. GRANDGENT,	AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON,
FRANCIS V. GREENE,	ALBERT G. KELLER,
FERRIS GREENSLET,	FRANCIS W. KELSEY,
APPLETON P. C. GRIFFIN,	G. L. KITTREDGE,
WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS,	HENRY B. KUMMEL,
P. GROTH,	HAMMOND LAMONT,
CURTIS GUILD, JR.,	WM. COOLIDGE LANE,
FRANK WARREN HACKETT,	CHARLES R. LANMAN,
ARTHUR T. HADLEY,	LE COCQ DE LAUTREPPE,
JAMES D. HAGUE,	HENRY C. LEA,
ISABEL F. HAPGOOD,	ERNEST E. LEMCKE,
GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER,	GEORGE T. LITTLE,
CHARLES HARRIS,	HERBERT M. LLOYD,
GEORGE WM. HARRIS,	ANNIE MACFARLANE LOGAN,
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,	CHAS. F. LUMMIS,
J. M. HART,	WALTER F. McCALEB,
HENRY W. HAYNES,	J. H. McDANIELS,
LOUIS HEILPRIN,	DUNCAN B. MACDONALD,
ANGELO HEILPRIN,	WILLIAM MACDONALD,
GEORGE HEMPL,	A. R. MACDONOUGH,
C. JUDSON HERRICK,	FRANCIS ANDREW MARCH,
WATERMAN THOMAS HEWETT,	JESSIE WHITE MARIO,
T. W. HIGGINSON,	ALBERT MATTHEWS,

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D. MCG. MEANS,	GEORGE H. SCHODDE
MANSFIELD MERRIMAN,	HENRY SCHOFIELD,
EDWARD STOCKTON MEYER,	C. SCHURZ,
CHARLES H. MOORE,	CHARLES P. G. SCOTT,
JOHN BASSETT MOORE,	FRED NEWTON SCOTT,
MORRIS H. MORGAN,	MARY AUGUSTA SCOTT,
FRANCIS PHILIP NASH,	A. G. SEDGWICK,
W. A. NEILSON,	J. HERBERT SENTER,
SIMON NEWCOMB,	THOMAS DAY SEYMOUR,
CLARK S. NORTHRUP,	N. S. SHALER,
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON,	GOLDWIN SMITH,
GRACE NORTON,	JOHN B. SMITH,
CHARLES C. NOTT,	MUNROE SMITH,
ALEXANDER D. NOYES,	H. MORSE STEPHENS,
GEORGE R. NOYES,	JOHN L. STEWART,
MURROUGH O'BRIEN,	MARIE STILLMAN,
ROLLO OGDEN,	CHARLES H. STOCKTON,
G. H. PALMER,	JOHN TAPPAN STODDARD,
HENRY GREENLEAF PEARSON,	E. A. STRONG,
CHARLES S. PEIRCE,	W. STRUNK, JR.,
ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL,	RUSSELL STURGIS,
ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER,	F. C. DE SUMICHRIST,
JOHN P. PETERS,	CHARLES W. SUPER,
GUSTAV POLLAK,	LINDSAY SWIFT,
EDWARD KENNARD RAND,	F. W. TAUSSIG,
SALOMON REINACH,	GEORGE A. THAYER,
JAMES FORD RHODES,	WILLIAM R. THAYER,
RUFUS B. RICHARDSON,	CALVIN THOMAS,
EDWARD ROBINSON,	CHARLES C. TORREY,
F. N. ROBINSON,	CRAWFORD H. TOY,
JAMES H. ROBINSON,	C. C. VERMEULE,
JOHN C. ROSE,	OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,
JOSIAH ROYCE,	JOHN MARTIN VINCENT,
C. S. SARGENT,	WILLISTON WALKER,
EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER,	BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER,
F. C. S. SCHILLER,	JAMES R. WHEELER,

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EDWARD LUCAS WHITE,
HORACE WHITE,
LEO WIENER,
JOHN HENRY WIGMORE,
BURT G. WILDER,

GEORGE PARKER WINSHIP,
C. H. E. A. WINSLOW,
JOHN E. WOLFF,
GEORGE E. WOODBERRY,
ALFRED A. WOODHULL.

The silver vase presented to Mr. Garrison is in the form of an amphora, decorated about the foot and neck with a variant of the Greek honeysuckle design, the pattern being sharply relieved against an etched background covered with a deposit of copper. The two handles and two fillets about the stem are without ornament of any kind, and the whole effect is severe and classical. The vase has been provided with detachable lamp fittings, including a silver shade bearing the honeysuckle design in somewhat bolder proportions appropriate to the larger scale. The dedicatory inscription was written by Goldwin Smith, and is as follows:—

PRESENTED TO
WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON
AS A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE FOR THE SERVICE RENDERED TO
HIS COUNTRY BY HIS FORTY YEARS OF ABLE,
UPRIGHT, AND TRULY PATRIOTIC WORK
IN THE EDITORSHIP OF
THE NATION
6TH JULY 1905

FORTY YEARS OF THE "NATION"¹

THE Editor of the *Nation* had not intended to plant a stake on the completion of the fortieth year of this journal with its last issue in June. Least of all a personal stake. The temporal division of the day's work is what chiefly interests him, and always what is before rather than what is behind. Persistency, with him, is in the bone, and on this inheritance of nature he never thought to plume himself. His co-laborers, however, would have it otherwise, and conspired to mark the term by a testimonial which they presented on July 6, the date of the very first issue of the *Nation* in 1865. An inscribed vase of great beauty was the visible token, and it was accompanied by a congratulatory note signed by more than two hundred of the *Nation's* staff, some equal veterans with the editor. Had all this been done in a corner, it should so have remained — a matter among friends. But the utter secrecy observed in carrying out the enterprise having been followed by advertisement in the daily press, the Editor is reluctantly compelled to share the news with his own readers.

"You have made the *Nation*," runs the note, "for

¹ From the *Nation*, July 13, 1905, vol. 81, p. 30.

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more than a generation the chief literary journal in America — the medium of the best criticism, and the mouthpiece of high intellectual ideals." Such has, in fact, been my aim, attended let others judge with what success. My disclaimer relates to the degree of individual merit implied. It is true that I put my hand to the plough with the initial number of the *Nation* and have never let go the ploughtail. It is true, also, that while the literary department was my especial charge, I participated from the beginning as a writer in the political conduct of the paper. What is needful to be pointed out is, that I came to the task an inexperienced youth, and at once entered into pupilage to a great writer and master political moralist, the late Edwin Lawrence Godkin, whom with admiring eyes I saw

"Mount in his glorious course on competent wing."

He it was that shaped the framework of the *Nation* and gave the informing spirit, and drew around him those liberal natures on both sides of the Atlantic who impressed a permanent stamp of authority, ideality, and scholarship on the paper. In the tentative days, Mr. Godkin was intimately counselled by Charles Eliot Norton, one of the indispensable founders of the *Nation*, and still one of its oldest as well as most valued contributors. It was Mr. Norton who penned the note of congratulation which I feel constrained

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to gloss with due remembrance of the makers of the tradition which it has been my privilege more or less independently for the past twenty-four years to uphold.

Long before the *Nation* had attained its majority, it had an entity identifiable with no one man. It drew its intellectual and moral support from a great body of enlightened and humane men and women, who became the *Nation* incarnate. I believe I can confidently appeal to the experience of subscribers and readers — readers always largely in excess of subscribers — in affirming that “a *Nation* man” stands for something definite in the social order, and that the paper furnishes a trusty bond of congeniality whenever strangers come together with no introduction. This is a cheering thought for the Editor, but it should not lead him to confound his office of intermediary with the constitution of the real *Nation*.

The dedicatory inscription on the vase presented to me was written by Goldwin Smith, and speaks of the services rendered to my country by “forty years of able, upright, and truly patriotic work in the editorship of the *Nation*.” Such a certificate from such a source is honorable indeed, and I can candidly profess to have been animated by patriotic motives in every line I have ever written for this journal. These motives I was born to, and they proceed from that larger outlook which my father (whose term of edi-

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torial labor I have now just equalled) expressed in his *Liberator* motto, "My Country is the World, My Countrymen are all Mankind." They imply not only freedom from provincial narrowness in human sympathy, but a right of clear vision and independent criticism of one's own people, one's own government. I could ask nothing more than to be found to have derived also from my father the concomitants of his patriotism, "the modest spirit, the forthright and indomitable temper, heat, and the strong spurning of the vile, and the untrammelled word."

It does not enter into my purpose to review the fortunes of the *Nation* in its four decades, nor to discuss its still relative isolation among independent presses. It would but mar a festive occasion to contrast the high, all-embracing philanthropy to which the country seemed dedicated on coming out of the Civil War — Lincoln's Gettysburg speech still ringing in our ears — with our present state of shattered republican ideals, our tyrannous subjection of "inferior" peoples, our all-prevalent militarism. Then, our American reliance was on the force of example, such as Coleridge, not yet disillusioned, anticipated from the French Revolution —

"And, conquering by her happiness alone,
Shall France compel the nations to be free."

Now, we have come down to compelling them to pay their debts and the usurious interest of revolutionary

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speculators, to govern themselves in accordance with our notions, and to yield the vineyard which we covet.

It remains to thank those who have united in a little-called-for, wholly unexpected tribute of personal esteem and affection, from the bottom of my heart. So long as strength endures, I shall endeavor with their aid to perpetuate a journal which has, I believe, no exact parallel in any other country, and whose service has ever been a service of love. It is mine, I repeat, only in name.

WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON.

CONGRATULATORY LETTERS

July 19, 1905.

MY DEAR GARRISON, — I never signed any paper with more satisfaction than the address to you; and don't think any such document ever expressed more faithfully the real feelings of those who signed it. It is a further pleasure to know that the secret was so well kept to the last. For myself, may I again say that it is to me a most remarkable thing that you have been able for so many years to keep the literary side of the *Nation* at so exceptionally high a level. I doubt if there be any organ in England, or indeed perhaps in Continental Europe, whose reviews have been of such uniformly high excellence, and whose "note" department has been so interesting and helpful. Always yours,

JAMES BRYCE.

OXFORD, July 25, 1905.

MY DEAR GARRISON, — I was extremely pleased to receive the account of the present to you as a memorial of your forty years' labour for the *Nation*. I was the more pleased as I noted in your reply to the address the expression of what I hope to be a resolution on your part to carry on your work for the

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present. I think you are younger and certainly not older than I, and my strong wish is that you may at any rate last my time. . . . I am sure it is best for the *Nation*.

I was told by a friend that you had been working for the *Nation* for now forty years. I most sincerely wish that my own work for the same time had been anything like as important and beneficent. I have often disagreed with particular opinions maintained in the *Nation*, but I have never had the least doubt that under your and Mr. Godkin's guidance, it has done better work for the world than any other newspaper with which I am acquainted except indeed your father's *Liberator*. It saddens me to think that Godkin will never be able to read my *Law and Opinion*. I think he would have sympathized with much of it.

What a lot of life there was in him!

Yours sincerely,

A. V. DICEY.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., July 5, 1905.

HONORED AND DEAR FRIEND, — I cannot let this occasion go by without sending you from your native place a word of congratulation, of thankfulness, and of God-speed. I have had some good teachers, men of distinction in the world of science or letters; but I often wonder whether I owe more to any of them —

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• apart from purely technical reasons — than I do to the modest and quiet and faithful man who has been my teacher for really more than a generation, and who — through an instrumentality that lays more weight on the thing done than on the personality that does it — has taught, besides, a multitude of the men who are the leaders of men in our beloved country. I shall send you ere long in print a page or two on “Human Personality and the Progress of Science.” What I say there is equally pertinent to you and to your life-work, and I feel sure that you will send me a sympathetic word in return, for I know it is what you have deeply felt, because you have lived it in your life. The supreme satisfaction in life is — I suspect — after all, the consciousness that one has served his day and generation (as dear old President Woolsey preached to us on our Baccalaureate of thirty-four years ago). This satisfaction is yours, if any one may feel entitled to it; and so I want to rejoice with you, dear Mr. Garrison, because you have given us loyal, unvarying public service, and because that service has been fruitful for good in many thousand ways which neither you nor I can ever know, but yet aboundingly and certainly fruitful.

It has been nothing less than a grief to me that I have been able to do almost nothing by way of contribution to the columns of the *Nation* lately. When you see Volume IX of the *Oriental Series* (which goes

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on to the press this week) and the list of ten volumes practically done and of ten or twelve more in an encouraging state of advancement, you will easily see why. But it is no small part of the attractiveness of the honorable position of being a contributor to the *Nation* that it gives one an opportunity to know *you* a little at closer range, and occasionally to see your familiar hand which seems neither to change nor to age.

From the bottom of my heart, I wish you health and strength for continued work, and *joy in your work* which, I am sure, is a wonderful means to sustain and give endurance to a man that is trying to do his share. God bless you, worthy son of a man whose statue on our Commonwealth Avenue I never pass but with bared head, and be assured of the abiding regard and affection of your sincere friend,

CHARLES R. LANMAN.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, July 21, 1905.

MY DEAR MR. GARRISON, — I must not fail to send my sincere and hearty congratulations to you on the completion of your forty years of distinguished service as editor of the *Nation*. As I think of what has happened in that long period, your work seems to me to have been of inestimable value. In your entire independence of thought, your insistence upon the highest critical ideals, your sympathy with all

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good causes, your well-nigh unerring discrimination of truth from falsehood, and your unfailingly pure and vigorous English style, you have been the strong encouragement of all of us who, in our various ways, have ourselves sought to be true to those ideals. My own sense of personal obligation to you is very great. For ten years you have given me unfettered opportunity to say what I thought ought to be said, at the same time that you have surrounded all that I did with your kindly criticism and, best of all, personal friendship. I cannot separate, therefore, my congratulations from my affectionate regards, and I beg you to accept them both.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM McDONALD.

PONT-AVEN, BRITTANY, July 28, 1905.

MY DEAR WENDELL, — My *Nation* of July 13th, coming to me via my son, to whom it is sent first, has just reached me here, and I cannot, though it is late, consent to be wholly out of the tribute of congratulation on your two-score years of faithful and fruitful service of our people and of all mankind, through an instrument which you have done so much to make — as you justly estimate that the *Nation* has been — unique in its kind. I was going to write, with the impulse not to overstate that comes with the habit of writing, “almost” unique. But I think the adverb

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would be out of place and an injustice. In its two-fold character of a political and social monitor, and a literary and artistic guide, it has no counterpart that I know of. I have often said that, in the latter capacity, it is better than either of the English weeklies, and in the former, no paper, certainly, has, during your long period, been quite so true and unwavering and perspicacious. I honor the course and steadfast attitude of the *Nation* beyond words. Personally, it has been to me so serviceable as a guide in thinking, as a help in formulating my opinions, and as a literary companion of educators, that I cannot think what I should have done or been without it. John Ropes made me a subscriber to the first number, I believe, and continued that kindness till his lamented and too early death. And it is as much my habit to go through it, and read the most of it, as it has been yours, almost to look over your copy of the proofs. I hope that when I was still preaching I discharged part of my great debt to it through the infiltration of its illuminating thought into my feeble discourses. I feel as if I could speak, and were speaking, for J. C. R., who, as you know, thought so much with you and valued the *Nation* so much in both its functions. He used always to read it thoroughly, often he passed it to his faithful valet, who was quite educated by it and became a good independent and radical in politics.

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Well, the tribute you have read was altogether just and meet and timely, and it would have been a bad omission if, at such an epoch, you had not heard from your friends a little of all they think of you and your life-work. But your great reward is in your consciousness of lifelong fidelity and service, and I hope you permit yourself to enjoy it. The best function of the beautiful vase shall be to remind you to think well of yourself and your function. May great content and peace be reflected upon your heart whenever you look upon it.

I have always been most happy that your father's sons have, in their spirit and attitude and actual work, been so true to the tradition of his wonderful life and character. Now, you have duplicated his service in an almost more difficult field. At least he had the advantage of an issue so clear-cut. The *Nation's* task has, from that point of view, been almost more difficult than that of the *Liberator*. I was glad of your allusion to him and *It* (I made that capital by accident, but I am glad I did!) — you could not have repressed it, and it is very pleasing and suggestive. Something in the *style* of your remarks on this occasion reminds me of his. You have been *par nobile*, father and son.

With affectionate regard and warmest congratulations, always cordially your friend,

JOSEPH MAY.

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HOBART COLLEGE, GENEVA, N. Y.,
July 3, 1905.

DEAR MR. GARRISON, — Permitted through M.'s friendship to know the details of the surprise planned for you on your anniversary, I heartily congratulate you on the enthusiastic and eager responses which the suggestion of that plan has elicited from your contributors. Your case seems to me quite *sui generis*. This unanimous and hearty approval proceeds from a highly cultured and intellectual body of men accustomed to think for themselves — a body including not a few men of the very first order of attainments. It is not the fruit and expression of political excitement, of religious fanaticism; but is based on a calm and almost judicial appreciation of your character as your fellow-workers see it. But, further, I am sure that an equally honorable expression of esteem and respect could be called forth from the larger number of those "intellectuals" whom political ties, the *Amour du clocher*, an extreme conservatism, or some other reason has debarred from any connection with the *Nation*.

And this appreciation of your character and your services is not expressed by all with perfect freedom. Of your contributors many will not say to your face the good they will say of you behind your back. Not a few of those whose letters are now sent to you for your perusal would have been less outspoken if they

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had been writing to you directly. To be entirely free from all such constraint one has to feel sure that the personal friendship is quite independent of any relations of a business nature.

In spite of all this restraint, it clearly appears that you are loved and honored in equal measure. To call this a mystery is a mere phrase. You are loved because you love. No man is ever loved by other men on any other terms; though, on his part, the love may be less personal and individual than what he receives in return. I am sure that every one of your contributors has had occasion to feel that you were more sensitive for him than he for himself — “*Pensoso più d’ altrui che di se stesso.*” I do not know what I would not give to be loved in this way; and if envy could exist between friends, I should envy you desperately. *Now* I congratulate you with all my heart; and I am glad and proud that I can call myself your friend.

FRANCIS PHILIP NASH.

ASHFIELD, MASS., July 13, 1905.

DEAR MR. GARRISON, — The feelings which you express in your frank and cordial letter seem to me altogether natural, and quicken responsive sympathy in my heart. I know well the trial of publicity, and the mingled pain and pleasure in the public expres-

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sion of private regard, especially by means of a formal testimonial.

In truth, I hate these *ante-mortem* obituaries.

But, looking only at the pleasant side of this testimonial to you, I trust that the affection and confidence manifest in it may prove tonic and invigorating, and enable you to go on with your work with a cheerful spirit, till Nature, with quick and kind decision, bids you rest.

You and I have much in common to be thankful for. Godkin forms a close bond between us.

With affectionate regards,

Ever yours,

C. E. NORTON.

MILFORD, PA., May 29, 1905.

DEAR SIR, — I remark that the note does not touch upon the truly extraordinary skill that Garrison shows in conducting the journal. However little acquaintance he may have with a subject, his *flair* is such that before he sends out a book he knows pretty accurately what its value is. His “graciousness,” for which we all feel, as we ought, so warmly to him, ought *besides* to command respect as an essential element of his ability to gather and keep such contributors as he does. Every head of a works, to ensure his success, must have a genuine sympathy with his workmen; but there is no other class so

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difficult to deal with as those who are skillful with the pen. The immense influence of the *Nation*, far beyond its subscription list, has been exercised with amazing sagacity and directed to the best ends.

CHARLES S. PEIRCE.

LONDON, July 23, 1905.

DEAR MR. GARRISON, — I have just received my *Nation* for July 13th, and I hope you will let me add a little personal note to the mere formal letter of congratulations. For I should like you to know how much — all the seventeen or eighteen years I have been working for you — I have appreciated the pleasure and privilege of being a contributor to the *Nation*. I think I can appreciate it all the more, because I have felt the difference between the liberal editorship of the *Nation* and the narrower justice of some newspaper editors for whom I have worked. It has seemed to me that you always have realized that one has written because one has had something to say in which one believed, which one thought needed saying — and so you have given one the opportunity to speak out honestly that is to be had in so few, so forlornly few, papers anywhere. And may I say that I feel, too, what Mr. Norton has so well written for us all — the kindness with which you make friends of your contributors, even one who, like myself, has never had the pleasure of meeting you. From begin-

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ning to end, my connection with the *Nation* has been the very best thing that long years of journalism have brought me, and this I owe to you entirely. For, as I like to remind you now, and as you may remember, I came to you without any introduction or recommendation, so that my connection with the paper is due solely and entirely to your kind approval of the first articles I ever sent you.

It may amuse you to hear, just at this moment, that during the last month, while going over some old papers of my uncle's (Charles G. Leland, whose *Life* I am writing), I came across a number of letters from Charles Astor Bristed, and that in some of these for 1866 I found the *Nation* already praised — as it has been ever since — for its liberality and its high standard — for “the chance to place writing which no other paper would accept (probably), or appreciate (certainly): I mean first-class criticism on literary and social topics.” I was glad to see Bristed's name among those of the early contributors.

Mr. Pennell joins with me in sending you congratulations and assurance of appreciation of all and everything you have made of the *Nation*.

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH R. PENNELL.

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RAVENSCLIFT, SEAL HARBOR, MAINE,
July 15, 1905.

DEAR MR. GARRISON, — I was glad to get your kind personal word to me and to read your noble letter in the *Nation* of Thursday. From two expressions of yours, one in an earlier letter of this year and the other when we talked together at the Massachusetts Historical Society, I was reminded of what a toilsome work yours had been. I knew it well enough before, as my easy reading of the *Nation* since 1886 had only been achieved by hard writing and editorial work. Yet it was a bit more effective to hear the personal note.

During the last two years I have been going over in my historical work the *Nation* from 1866 to 1872, and I marvel how well it stands the test of re-reading and of examination in the light of history. It also renews my sense of indebtedness to the journal for its guidance on the question of Civil Service and Tariff Reform and of Finance. You and your associates may well congratulate yourselves on the results of your work in the advocacy of Civil Service reform and of Sound Finance. As to the Tariff, we have gone backward (in my judgment) since 1870-72.

I think I have told you before how I am at times distracted from my political reading by glancing at some attractive book review, and I find the same care and knowledge displayed then as now. Your book

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reviews make a body of literature of which any one may be proud. All of us who are devoted to study, literature, and the philosophy of politics are much indebted to you and Mr. Godkin. I rejoice that Mr. Norton and Dr. Thayer thought of so happy a method of expressing our sense of obligation.

I am touched by your expression of personal friendship, which I reciprocate cordially.

With kind regards, I am

Very truly yours,

JAMES FORD RHODES.

MAGNOLIA, MASS., July 5, 1905.

DEAR MR. GARRISON, — Very hearty congratulations to you on the completion of your forty years on the *Nation* — a Forty Years' War, if ever there was one. Such a warfare as you have waged in behalf of high ideals and wholesome methods has had no parallel in this country, where the *Nation* stands as the great example of what journalism can and should be.

You cannot measure the breadth of its influence, nor of your own, on the scores of contributors whom you have guided during all these years. It is particularly for this friendly guidance, this welcome to various opinions provided they be worthy, that I feel grateful. Long ago I found that in you behind the editor is the friend, and this friendship has been one of my most precious possessions.

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Long may you stand in your place with vigor undiminished.

Ever faithfully yours,

WILLIAM R. THAYER.

SHELMALIERE, ORWELL PARK, RATHGAR,
DUBLIN, July 28, 1905.

MY DEAR WENDELL, — A notice in the last *Nation* and a letter from Frank from the Continent tell of the address to you on the fortieth anniversary of the establishment of the *Nation* and of your taking up the Editorship. Dear! — how my father delighted in the paper, and how carefully he preserved the pile of these up to the time of his illness — which pile we sent to some one whose name I forget, through your family.

And what a moderating influence for good it has been on my own life all through! Convictions early drove me into a stormy sea of Irish political passions and politics. They have tended to isolate me from others of my own class. It is mainly due to the *Nation* the degree to which I have been able to keep my hold upon general and world-wide principles of justice and light. And it has been the deepest literary satisfaction of my life that you have considered so many of my communications worthy of a place in the columns of the *Nation*.

Were it possible to communicate with my father's

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spirit, and were I allowed but one message, the one I would be most likely to send as giving him most satisfaction would be my twenty years' connection with your paper.

With best regards, in which my wife would join were she in as I write, and affectionately,

ALFRED WEBB.

On Mr. Garrison's retirement from the *Nation* a year later (June 28, 1906), the following letters passed between him and an Italian subscriber of long standing:—

MILAN, 25th July, 1906.

DEAR SIR, — Allow me, a constant reader of the *Nation* for the last thirty years, to wish you all ease and happiness in your well-deserved retreat. And I do so the more as, being an Italian, I cannot forget the fair way my country has been always treated in your admirably edited paper.

Believe me, Dear Sir, yours truly,

C. GIUSSANI.

August 7, 1906.

TO SIGNOR C. GIUSSANI, Milano.

Dear Sir, — Your good wishes find me absent from home in search of bodily recuperation, and, I am happy to add, already much improved in tone. I am

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also, being on the New England coast, somewhat nearer to the Italy from which you write, and concerning whose treatment in the *Nation* you kindly speak in praise.

Finally, it happens that the only books I brought with me were Carducci's "Poesie" and a fragment of Dante, when I much doubted having strength to read anything.

All this prepared me for a higher gratification on receipt of your friendly message, for which I thank you in all sincerity. It is a great joy to work with such collaborators as I have had for forty years; but on the other hand it is no small privation not to know any but the least portion of one's readers, or to have any sure indication of influence exerted — and upon what class of minds. It is a real favor to have you stand out from the mass and extend a hand in sympathetic farewell. In doing so you are one of a small number, though many have no doubt felt but kept silent.

It is twenty-two years since I looked up from the railroad station at Milan *towards* your beautiful and renowned city. That I shall ever be as near it again seems very doubtful at my age and with my disinclination to travel. I may therefore never be able to say to you in person what these few lines are intended to express.

Believe me very gratefully and respectfully yours,

WENDELL P. GARRISON.

FAREWELL LETTER TO CONTRIBUTORS

June 28, 1906.

DEAR SIR, — Announcement is made, in to-day's issue of the *Nation* (marking the close of the forty-first year of my connection with that journal), of my definitive resignation of the editorial control. My relations to it hereafter, if any, must be only casual and contributory. In any event, I am, by the necessities of my health, suddenly deprived of that humane intercourse, intermittent in individual instances, constant in the mass, with my staff acquaintance which has been the joy of my profession for more than a generation. To their support I owe too much to be satisfied with a public advertisement of the breach I must to the end of my days deplore. Permit me, then, to repeat privately to each — to you *nominatim* — words of grateful farewell, and to express the hope that the proverbial smallness of the world will furnish, here and there at least, an occasion for future greeting, with cheerful memories and unabated mutual esteem.

Respectfully and cordially yours,

WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON.

LLEWELLYN PARK,
ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

POEMS

THE VISION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

DREAMING, he woke, our martyr President,
And still the vision lingered in his mind
(Problem at once and prophecy combined),
A flying bark with all her canvas bent :
Joy-bringing herald of some great event
Oft when the wavering scale of war inclined
To Freedom's side; now how to be divined
Uncertain, since Rebellion's force was spent.
So, of the omen heedful, as of Fate,
Lincoln with curious eye the horizon scanned:
At morn, with hopes of port and peace elate;
At night, like Palinurus — in his hand
The broken tiller of the Ship of State —
Flung on the margin of the Promised Land.

At the cabinet meeting held the morning of the assassination . . . General Grant was present, and during a lull in the conversation the President turned to him and asked if he had heard from General Sherman. General Grant replied that he had not, but was in hourly expectation of receiving dispatches from him announcing the surrender of Johnston. "Well," said the President, "you will hear very soon now, and the news will be important. . . . I had a dream last night, and ever since the war began I have invariably had the same dream before any important military event occurred. . . . It is in your line, too, Mr. Welles. The dream is that I saw a ship sailing very rapidly." — F. B. Carpenter, *Six Months at the White House*.

Oh, think how, to his latest day,
When death, just hovering, claimed his prey,
With Palinure's unaltered mood
Firm at his dangerous post he stood;
Each call for needful rest repelled,
With dying hands the rudder held,
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
The steerage of the realm gave way!

Scott, *Introduction to Marmion*.

ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH REUNION OF MY
CLASS

WE have survived! — As face looks into face,
And hand grasps hand with gladness and surprise,
And warm the greeting is, and long the embrace,
This thought in all above all must arise —
We have survived!

We have survived: yet this contracted board
Needs must we liken to the narrowing cell
Of that doomed prisoner through whose window poured
Daily less sunlight from out Heaven's well:
We have survived!

We have survived: as some pale berg drifts on
To tepid seas, with bowed and humbled crest,
And feels its members, loosening one by one,
Drop and melt silently — and knows the rest:
We have survived.

We have survived: but whether have endured
Youth's bold ideals, the glorious hopes of Youth;
Whether is Honor radiant or obscured,
Who knows? or whether in the love of Truth
We have survived?

We have survived; and let it not be said
That they whom here we miss, nor more shall see,

TWENTY-FIFTH REUNION OF MY CLASS

The early-taken, the heroic dead —

That these our brothers, rather, have lived, while we,
We have — survived.

J'ai vécu. — Abbé Sieyès.

"Ilz ont vescu." Ce qui est une façon de parler, dont usent quelquefois les Romains, quand ilz veulent éviter la dureté de ceste rude parole de dire il est mort. — Amyot's *Plutarch*.

FORWARD!

SHELVED, do they say? 'T is but a chapter closed
When Nature's warning finger interposed.
What then? That way is barred, yet life remains;
In other fields the leave to strive obtains.
I quit the Past the Future to control;
My monuments behind, in front my goal.

No, non son morto. Dietro me cadavere
Lasciai la prima vita.

Carducci, *Prologue to Giambi ed Epodi*.

LARGESS

. . . "Poor thing, art cold!"
I heard it murmur to the freezing Earth,
Our royal Maple in its robes of gold;
And of a sudden in the shivery air
Of autumn, than Godiva's self more bare,
And, like that lady in her utter dearth
Of raiment, chastely clad in charity,
There for a wonder stood the leafless Tree,
A coil of yellow sunshine at its base,
Dropt as a mantle on the stark Earth's face.

MADONNA IN HEAVEN

WHAT day my love passed on, around her pressed,
With wonder filled and gentle sympathy,
The elect of angels and the souls that be
The populace of heaven and therefore blest.
"What Light is this?" thus they themselves addressed,
"And what new beauty? Form so gloriously
Attired ne'er in this base century
From vagrom earth gained this high place of rest."
But she, with her changed hostelry content,
And peer of the most perfect, as it were
Expectant turns anon, with glances sent
Backwards to see if I do follow her.
Hence all my thought and will on heaven is bent,
Hearing her pray I be no loiterer.

Gli angeli eletti e l'anime beate
Cittadine del cielo, il primo giorno
Che Madonna passò, le fur intorno
Piene di maraviglia e di pietate.
"Che luce è questa, e qual nova beltate?"
Dicean tra lor; "perch' abito sì adorno
Dal mondo errante a quest' alto soggiorno
Non salì mai in tutta questa etate."
Ella, contenta aver cangiato albergo,
Si paragona pur coi più perfetti;
E, parte, ad or ad or si volge a tergo,
Mirando s' io la seguo, e par ch' aspetti:
Ond' io voglie e pensier tutti al ciel ergo;
Perch' i' l' odo pregar pur ch' i' m' affretti.

Petrarch, *Sonnets*, ccc.

SUPPLICATION

I go lamenting that in vanished days
I chose to love a perishable thing,
Nor soared aloft, though having strength of wing
Haply to no mean levels me to raise.
Thou who my unmerited lot and grievous ways
Seest, unseen and deathless Heavenly King!
Succor a frail soul in its wandering,
And of Thy grace replenish its decays.
That so, if I have lived in storm and stress,
I die in port and peace; and, vain my stay,
That I at least depart with comeliness.
For my small remnant of life vouchsafe, I pray,
Thy hand be near, and when I die not less:
Of hope in others Thou knowest I have no ray.

I' vo piangendo i miei passati tempi,
I quai posi in amar cosa mortale,
Senza levarmi a volo, abbiend' io l' ale
Per dar forse di me non bassi esempi.
Tu, che vedi i miei mali indegni ed empì,
Re del cielo, invisible, immortale,
Soccorri a l' alma disviata e frale,
E 'l suo difetto di tua grazia adempi:
Sì che, s' io vissi in guerra ed in tempesta,
Mora in pace ed in porto; e, se la stanza
Fu vana, almen sia la partita onesta.
A quel poco di viver che m' avanza
Ed al morir degni esser tua man presta:
Tu sai ben che 'n altrui non ho speranza.
Petrarch, *Sonnets*, cccxvii.

PROTHALAMIUM

How should we greet thee on thy bridal morn,
This morn, that with extended hands cries "Take,
Receive, accept!" ere it has cried "Awake!"
Surely with gifts we greet thee: first, of corn,
For fruitfulness, along with Plenty's horn;
And next, a Pan's-pipe from the reedy brake,
For concord; lastly, for contentment's sake,
Of herbs a handful on a platter borne.
Thus dowered, and advancing with the day,
Thy front all radiant and thy bosom free,
Oh look not back! nor think, "I must repay
This bounty with my poor virginity."
Forward! nor heed the Voice that haunts the way:
"This night thy soul shall be required of thee!"

Illa perpetuum nihil audiet, nisi, Mea Lux; ille vicissim nihil, nisi, Anime mi. — Erasmus, *Colloquia: Epithalamium*.

Pro epithalamio, quod postulant, scripturus epitaphium. — Erasmus, *Colloquia: Conjugium Impar*.

Sed interim perit virginitas. — Erasmus, *Colloquia: Proci et Puellae*.

PRIMIPARA

So young a thing to feel the tightening zone:
And is her burden borne by wife or maid?
What Faust, what casket, and what serenade
Of "Ring on Finger" of the Devil's own,
• Have fruited thus? Or if in honor sown
Her ripening increase beckons to the blade,
Oh then might Juliet from her balustrade
Cast envious glances at her; from her throne,
The love-sick Dido; from her casement high,
Hero, for her Leander blenched with doubt. —
Thus the poet muses as she passes by
Heedless of him as of his prayer devout,
Nor marks the mood of pity in his eye:
Who will be with her at her Crying-out?

La steril Beatrice

Ceda a te, fior d' ogni terrena cosa.

Carducci, *Le Nozze*.

Jam ut maxime jactes mihi virtutem bellicam, nemo vestrum, si semel esset expertus quid sit parere, non mallet decies in acie stare quam subire semel quod nobis toties est experiendum. In bello non semper venit ad manus; . . . nobis cominus cum morte conflictandum est. — Erasmus, *Colloquia: Puerpera*.

POST-MERIDIAN: AFTERNOON

WHEN in thy glass thou studieth thy face,
Not long, nor yet not seldom, half repelled
And half attracted; when thou hast beheld
Of Time's slow ravages the crumbling trace,
(Deciphered now with many an interspace
The characters erewhile that Beauty spelled),
And in thy throat a choking fear hath swelled
Of Love, grown cold, eluding thy embrace:
Could'st thou but read my gaze of tenderness —
Affection fused with pity — precious tears
Would bring relief to thy unjust distress;
Thy visage, even as it to me appears,
Would seem to thee transfigured; thou would'st bless
Me, who am also, Dearest, scarred with years!

La mia donna fue immediata cagione di certe parole che nel sonetto sono, si come appare a chi lo intende. — Dante, *Vita Nuova*, vii.

Maria. — Fortassis alia tibi videbor ubi morbus aut aetas hanc formam immutarit.

Pamphilus. — Nec hoc corpus, o bona, semper erit aequae succulentum. Sed ego non contemplor tantum istud undique florens et elegans domicilium; hospitem magis adamo. — Erasmus, *Colloquia: Proci et Puellae*.

POST-MERIDIAN: EVENING

AGE cannot wither her whom not gray hairs
Nor furrowed cheeks have made the thrall of Time;
For Spring lies hidden under Winter's rime,
And violets know the victory is theirs.
Even so the corn of Egypt, unawares,
Proud Nilus shelters with engulfing slime;
So Etna's hardening crust a more sublime
Volley of pent-up fires at last prepares.
O face yet fair, if paler, and serene
With sense of duty done without complaint!
O venerable crown! — a living green,
Strength to the weak, and courage to the faint —
Thy bleaching locks, thy wrinkles, have but been
Fresh beads upon the rosary of a saint!

A ministering angel thou.

Scott, *Marmion*.

FOREBODING

O FATHERLESS as was thy short-lived sire
 Before thee motherless, a fear will creep
 Upon me as I watch thy fevered sleep,
Mark how, with every breath thou dost respire,
Thou fann'st the fury of a wasting fire,
 And view the sickle Moon her station keep
 Athwart the pane — what is there here to reap?
Why the full grain of the young shoot require?

So like him, like thy father, featured so,
 Named for him, be his further parallel:
Music and art enchant thee, poesy flow
 From thee, and every generous impulse dwell
In thee, that all shall mourn thee when thou go.
 There pause! — too soon he went, beloved too well!

Tu Marcellus eris.
 Virgil, *Æneid*.

AT GREENWOOD CEMETERY

HERE was the ancient strand, the utmost reach,
Of the great Northern ice-wave; hitherto
With its last pulse it mounted, then withdrew,
Leaving its fringe of wreckage on the beach:
Boulder and pebble and sand-matrix — each
From crag or valley ravished; scanty clue
To its old site affording in its new,
Yet real, as the men of science teach.
Life hath not less its terminal moraine:
Look how on that discharged from melting snows
Another rears itself, the spoil of plain
And mountain also, marked by stones in rows,
With legend meet for such promiscuous pain:
Here rests — Hier ruhet — or Ici repose.

After the exercise, I go into the burying-place, now full of stones, and view my dear sister's. — Samuel Sewall, *Diary*.

Riposo alcun de le fatiche tante.

Petrarch, *Sonnets*, cclxxix.

EDITORIALS

AND

ESSAYS

POPULAR ELECTION OF SENATORS¹

AGITATION in favor of a constitutional amendment to this end, begun by several State Legislatures during the past year, was renewed on Saturday before the appropriate committee of the House of Representatives. Every thoughtful mind must welcome the least sign of revolt against the present composition and disgraceful tendency of the United States Senate. The election to that body of Governor Hill, the Democratic boss of New York; the bare defeat of Foraker, the Republican boss of Ohio; the arts to which Senator Sherman was forced to resort in order to save his seat from political brigandage; the motives which led to the election of his new colleague — these recent events have stimulated the growing sense of a vital defect in the Senate-making machinery. It is as yet but a vague and unreflecting sense, that does not perceive the root of the evil, and it is in danger of precipitate action that will breed fresh abuses; but the unrest is wholesome. Once more an idol of the Constitution is challenged, and men are not afraid to think and to say openly that the work of the fathers must be undone or done over in the interest of the people, by the people, and for the people.

¹ From the *Nation*, January 21, 1892, vol. 54, p. 45.

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The change proposed is so momentous that it is no exaggeration to affirm that it outweighs in importance the burning questions of the tariff and the coinage. These are mere questions of housekeeping, which, however they may be decided, leave the fabric of 1787 untouched. To take from the Legislatures the choice of Senators is to revert to one of the plans rejected in the Constitutional Convention, and to embark on a fresh voyage of experiment. It at once alters fundamentally the relation of the States to the Federal Union by making the party complexion of the State Legislatures a matter of no consequence whatever in Federal politics, so far as concerns the control of Congress. We hasten to declare that this would be a great boon to the citizens of the States and to the people at large — perhaps the greatest that has ever been rendered by any constitutional amendment save that prohibiting slavery.

It would aim a well-nigh fatal blow at the identification of State with Federal party lines and party organization, which the fathers unwittingly ordained when they made the Senate the creature of the legislatures. Never again would the voter be called upon to sacrifice his scruples respecting local measures or men, on the ground that the party ascendancy in Congress depended on returning a Legislature which would maintain the party strength in the Federal Senate. This freedom once acquired, we cannot

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doubt that our municipal life would immensely profit by it; that municipal (and State) contests would tend more and more to emancipate themselves from every other consideration save the genuine issue; and that more and more independence and fluidity would be manifested in forming parties *ad hoc*, irrespective of names and affiliations applicable to Federal party organizations. Surely to bring about such a consummation, much may be hazarded.

Nevertheless, it must not be forgotten on the very road to real, away from sham, politics, that to bestow on the people the election of Senators by Constitutional enactment is not the same thing as to ensure their possessing it. Men look at the obvious grasp of the machine on nearly all our Legislatures — its potential grasp on all — and conclude it would be a fine stroke to take away its occupation. They need to be reminded that the greatest victim of the machine, the almost helpless victim, is not the Legislature, but the people itself. By an unconscious juggle in terms, election is assumed to be synonymous with choice; it is in fact a mere registering of the decree of the caucus and the machine. The average honest voter goes to the polls without having had the smallest part in *nominating* the candidates for whom he votes. He does not know them personally, he may never have heard their names; until recently, on leaving the booth, he could not repeat the list he had just de-

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posited in the ballot box, and on the morrow he might have forgotten all that he brought away. The Australian ballot has to some extent altered this state of affairs, and one of its highest merits is that it enables the people really to put in nomination, as well as to pass upon the cut-and-dried. It alone, of our present safeguards, would prevent the election of Senators by the people from being manipulated by the machine as readily as that of Representatives.

To our minds, there is small chance of the proposed amendment being carried, especially if it is complicated (as is proposed by one Congressman) with a scheme for enlarging the Senate and thus overcoming the inequitable equality of the small States. Moreover, an opportunity is afforded to better our existing condition by simply giving back to the States the power to regulate the election of Senators — that is, by repealing the act of July 25, 1866, the first of its kind, “to regulate the times and manner of holding elections for Senators of Congress,” with its pernicious enforcement of viva-voce voting, most favorable to party pressure and bribery. Senator Sherman himself opposed it on its passage, as did Senators Fessenden and Edmunds, and their objections have been sustained by the results of experience. A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August last propounded a plan of election by the Legislature as required by the Con-

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stitution, out of nominations by the people — a restriction which may or may not be constitutional, but which it would be worth the while of any State to test the legality of. To evade the machine and the lobby, the same writer urged making use of the Australian ballot both for these nominations and for the legislative vote upon them — a procedure certainly presenting no difficulty. He argued that this system, if established, would enable capable men to put themselves in nomination without being indecently beholden to any body or interest. We observe that a member of the House Committee at the hearing on Saturday asked “if popular elections might not result in sending less able men to the Senate, and if the present method did not secure the services of men of ability, who, perhaps, could not be induced to take part in a political contest such as was incident to elections.” Undoubtedly they might, if the machine were left free to manage the “popular elections”; quite otherwise if the people could really send up a list of candidates, each name representing a considerable body of voters, such as would entitle it to a place on the official Australian ballot. “A man,” says the *Atlantic* writer referred to, “fit to be Senator would have a decided prestige when proposed in this manner as against the product of intrigue and jobbery. Such men would tend to multiply in the popular nominations, inasmuch as they could allow their names to be used

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without loss of self-respect, and with no obligation to work in their own behalf."

By whatever mode to be accomplished, the question presses, how to make the Senate the Broad Stone of Honor of our American commonwealth — a body no longer, to be sure, "the camp of slaves," as in the unhappy days of doughfaces and lords of the lash, but a chapel of ease for millionaires, a baron's castle for the spoilsman, an altar of refuge for Quay, a legitimate goal of ambition for Hill and Foraker.

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"*CONVEY* the wise it call," and *indemnity* is as good a name as any other for the last booty to be wrung from the defeated. It is not the magnitude of the Japanese demand which the Russians resent, but the pretence; and their feeling will sooner or later be shared by all thinking men, and by nations not blind to the consequences of Russia's yielding this point in the negotiations for peace. M. de Martens had no difficulty, the other day, in exposing from historical examples the innovation now sought to be established as a part of international law. No precedent can be found for payment of an indemnity during a war still undecided, and still fought by the losing party on foreign soil. The case is really much as if Japan and the United States should come to blows in the Philippines — as may yet happen — and, on our being worsted and deprived of all but the last island of the archipelago, "indemnity" should be exacted over and above American evacuation. It is true that the islands are nominally American soil, but neither in fact nor in our national consciousness are they any more a part of the United States than Manchuria is a part of Russia. We could relinquish them, indeed, with a

¹ From the *Nation*, August 24, 1905, vol. 81, p. 156.

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profit, and would that we might. But to pay "indemnity" for their being taken from us, even for our own fault, with the war confined wholly to that distant scene and never directed against this continent, would rouse the old American sense of humor which Dewey and McKinley and Lodge and Roosevelt and Taft have nearly extinguished.

Russia, in other words, is not *in extremis*, is not hostilely occupied except on an insignificant margin, can spare for her steady national existence the fleets she has lost in Eastern waters, and comes to the conference as Japan in fact comes, to consider how best to end a drawn game. Both nations would gladly be spared any further expenditure of blood and treasure; and Japan could have been gratified if she had been content to have her victories confirmed, and had not aimed to make Russia pay all that her humiliation has cost her opponent. "Get out of here," said Japan with reference to Manchuria and Korea, "that I may replace you." After Port Arthur, Liao-Yang, Mukden, and the naval overthrow in the Korean Straits, Russia stands ready to get out and to retire within her own boundaries. If Japan can extort other territorial concessions looking to her security against a repetition of clashing, well and good. To expect reimbursement for all her outlay in deliberately providing for this success, is either childish or monstrous.

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Nor does it make for peace. "Indemnity" will, if secured, leave the new Russia as permanently hostile a neighbor as the old — and *popularly* hostile, as opposed to the greed of expansion in the ruling classes which brought on the present war. When we consider the Tsar's essentially peaceable disposition, we may feel assured that his consenting to a conference was an act of conscience fairly to be called national, in confession of the utter needlessness of the embroilment with Japan. It has been attended by the concession of the beginnings of self-government in his empire, amid an awakened public consciousness full of hope if full of doubt, and ready to surge in any direction that will make manifest the new national spirit. "Indemnity" will reconcile the Russian people to a war thrust upon them by autocracy, and will give them their first sense of being really attacked by a foreign enemy. The ranks will be filled, the carnage will go on, tribute will not be paid. On the other hand, any adjustment short of tribute will find favor, and will bequeath no such rancor as to prevent Russia and Japan from being on good terms hereafter.

The indemnity extorted by the Germans in Paris was a guarantee of peace, no doubt; but peace in the sense of non-collision between the two countries. The true peace which results from neighborly regard and abandonment of ambitious designs, is yet far off.

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Have armaments been diminished on either side of the frontier? Might not the present relations between France and Germany be fitly described as a truce? The milliards were a penalty, moreover, for the Second Empire's having declared war, wickedly and groundlessly. The novelty of Japan's demand lies in the fact that she, no matter with what provocation, *began* the war, struck the first blow — struck it without warning, as a savage nation may do, and yet with the utmost deliberation, as a sequel to years of secret preparation. This is what other nations must face if they sanction it as a part of the international code. We know, of course, Japan's plea that her first blow was defensive, and the war a defensive war. So said the South when it fired upon Sumter. There is no richer field for casuistry than a defensive war. Napoleon III used this pretext in declaring war against Prussia, which, after Sadowa, had grown too weighty for the European equilibrium. Any war can be so construed, by a power desirous to pick a quarrel, and will be if the hard-and-fast line is not maintained between those who attack and those who repel.

Let the Japanese justify their pretensions of being champions of peace in the Orient. Grant that, by superiority in bloodshed on land and sea, they have established their claim to recognition among Christian nations by Christian Majesties and Presidents. Let them pose as the benefactors of Russia in having

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given to her outworn social fabric a shock that precipitates the dawn of freedom. But let them distinctly be told that all their pacific protestations are but cant so long as, having originally assaulted Russia, they press for "indemnity." This high-handedness is not going to be dropped by a military Power flushed with successes she dared not dream of, and provided (supposing she gets it) with millions of sweat money to be immediately put into fortifications, arms, and ships of war *in majorem gloriam Nippon*. Mankind will take warning.

THE TRUE FUNCTION OF A UNIVERSITY ¹

As usual, many topics in President Eliot's Report on the condition of Harvard College for the past year invite comment. . . . Half a page devoted to inter-collegiate athletics has for us a greater momentary interest, in that the purpose is manifested to abate a growing evil about which too little has been said. What goes before is retrospective; in this section of the Report lies the germ of a future policy.

Nothing could be better, as a condensed statement, than the following words of the Report, after an approving enumeration of the various sports pursued with ardor by the students:—

“Three of these sports,” says President Eliot, “namely, foot-ball, base-ball, and rowing, are liable to abuses which do not attach to the sports themselves so much as to their accompaniments under the present system of intercollegiate competitions. These abuses are: extravagant expenditure by and for the ball-players and the crews; the interruption of college work which exaggerated interest in the frequent ball-matches causes; betting; trickery condoned by a

¹ From the *Nation*, February 9, 1888, vol. 46, p. 111.

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public opinion which demands victory; and the hysterical demonstrations of the college public over successful games. These follies can best be kept in check — they cannot be eradicated — by reducing the number of intercollegiate competitions to the lowest terms. The number of these competitions is at present excessive from every point of view. Wrestling, sparring, and foot-ball — games which involve violent personal collision — have to be constantly watched and regulated, lest they become brutal.”

The development of this perfectly just indictment would bring to view four main tendencies, which must be deprecated by every friend alike of the higher education and of morality. One is towards the prolongation of the boyish or puerile stage, which ought finally to be cast away when the young man enters college. We do not mean that animal spirits should be left behind, but that the point of view from which life has hitherto been regarded should be radically changed. Intellectually, the student should feel himself to have come of age as soon as matriculated, and should perceive the propriety or necessity of putting away childish things. Sports need not be abandoned, but just as they will no longer be marbles or peg-top, so they should be subordinated to the main object for which men go to college. The dignity of the institution should beget a corresponding dignity and self-restraint and steady application in the beneficiary.

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The unspeakable importance of these years for the cultivation of the faculties and the formation of character in preparation for the struggle for existence, should sober and steady all but those already corrupted by the taint of wealth. But it cannot be denied that childishness is fostered by intercollegiate contests, not only in the shape of "hysterical demonstrations over successful games," but in giving such a predominance to the athletic interest that recreation and enjoyment, or the having what is called a good time, becomes the most potent attraction which a college education holds out. It is a significant fact, too, that the rise and growth of the highly organized and technical forms of sport at Harvard has been coincident with the revival of secret societies — the permanent fountains of puerility — and of hazing.

The second tendency in order is towards the erection of a false standard of superiority among colleges according as one or other "carries off the cup." Harvard, for example, a purely educational foundation, whose glories antedate the advent of base-ball and the Rugby game, is regarded as humbled if Yale or Princeton or Columbia comes off first in any given contest or series of contests. This feeling is not put on, but is perfectly serious among students. You will find them in their local papers discussing the harm that will befall the college if it continues to win only second and third prizes. The athletes of the prepara-

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tory schools, it is said, will instinctively be drawn to the college which has achieved the highest distinction in their line. It has even been charged lately that a systematic attempt was making to recruit from a certain famous New England school for one college at the expense of another by means of a subsidized local journal — if our memory is not at fault; of course through undergraduate, not official intrigue. We have also an idea that the faculties of the smaller colleges are afraid to grapple with the evil of abnormal athletics because they do really apprehend a loss of patronage. But be this as it may, it is clear that nothing could be more opposed to the efficiency of the college training than an habitual substitution, for pride in the intellectual standing and ample equipment of Alma Mater, of pride in her muscular supremacy. Do we not, in fact, see colleges which are lagging in the race of improved methods and enlarged scope of instruction, hug the delusion that this is offset by the trophies of the sporting-ground? Let us, then, remark here that all the trophies of this sort that Harvard has ever won by land or sea, are as dust in the balance compared with the simple fact that her President's annual Report is out of sight the most weighty, influential, and eagerly anticipated educational document published in America.

The third tendency may be briefly dismissed because there will be no dispute about it. The inter-

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collegiate games bring the college world down to the level of the professional gambler. It is incontestable that students whose minds are constantly filled with the thought of intercollegiate rivalry at sports, follow with the greatest zest the course of the professional matches all over the country, turn to them first in the morning paper, make them the staple of their conversation. This is bad enough, but unavoidably they catch the tone of these vulgar performances, they practise or are put on their guard against "trickery condoned by public opinion," and above all they fall easily into the habit of betting on the result. The ill-feeling thus engendered, the charges of foul play, unfair umpiring, spying, concealment, lying, are disgustingly visible on the grounds or in the echoes of the college press. No man ever felt elevated by witnessing such encounters, and their degrading influence speaks both to the eye and to the understanding.

Great masses of young men cannot thus be brought together with professional excitement and manners without abusing the opportunity in other ways. Nor can parents reflect without wincing on the possibilities which attend the transfer of a mob of students away from their habitual surveillance to a distant city, there to remain, perhaps, overnight, in a state of the highest elation or depression — were it merely innocent and not affected by money at stake on the result of the game. Neither, finally, can this trans-

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portation take place without a large pecuniary outlay, which falls upon the parents, whether they can afford it or not. Add this sum to the cost of sustaining crews and teams, and to what is lost in gaming and in vice, and we have a potent factor of extravagance in ordinary college life — the fourth tendency of those we have deprecated.

Much more might be said if we had the space. We regret that President Eliot should imply that the intercollegiate competitions cannot be absolutely abolished. Nothing is simpler than an edict to this effect, and we believe it is Harvard's mission to utter it. She ought boldly to take the position that beyond furnishing ample facilities for indoor and outdoor exercise, for the perfection of the physical man, the college has nothing to do with athletics unless to supervise them. Its business is to shape the human intellect. Neither should it be moved by the argument — sound or unsound, matters not — that without the intercollegiate meetings the local fondness for athletics would die out. Again, we say, this is no concern of an institution which has done all that money and science can do to tempt men to exercise. But it is absurd that a thousand undergraduates cannot among themselves find all the competition necessary for any good end of sport. The rubbish about "records" needs to be put aside. It is not incumbent on any college to see that its students jump one foot

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higher, run one minute faster, or in any other way approximate a receding standard of physical excellence. Health may be attained, and sound constitutions, by moderate, well-directed exertion, without thought of any competitor. So long as this is so, the duty of the college is to turn the student's thoughts to things spiritual; to encourage early manliness, as the entrance age is steadily rising; to discourage respect for the non-essentials of college life above its main excuse for being; and to put an end to all occasions for unfriendliness and bitterness between institutions whose only emulation should be to turn out, at the least possible cost, the highest type of civilized man.

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A GREAT journalist has departed. His name, absolutely unknown to the American public in 1865, blazed up instantly upon the appearance of the *Nation*, at a moment when Bennett and Bryant, Greeley and Raymond, were approaching the end of their careers, leaving no successors. He was not a great editor in the sense of being an organizer or manager. The *Nation* was avowedly patterned after the London *Spectator*; the *Evening Post* was already in its ninth decade when Mr. Godkin joined Messrs. Carl Schurz and Horace White in assuming editorial direction of it. He had, strictly speaking, no business instinct, no faculty for details, nor any liking for the task of coördinating the departments of a daily newspaper. He was *par excellence* a leader-writer, with an astonishing productiveness, and a freshness in handling old themes which won even the hardened proofreader's admiration. The prospectus of the *Nation* laid stress upon the advantages of a weekly over a daily newspaper in respect of leisure for ascertainment of the facts and deliberation in comment; and the argument was as incontrovertible in 1881,

¹ From the *Nation*, May 22, 1902, vol. 74, p. 403.

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when Mr. Godkin became one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, as it was in 1865. The change might not have come about had the *Nation* prospered so as to warrant an enlargement of its staff. The strain of writing from three to five pages for it weekly was felt at last to be too severe as well as too unremunerative, in view of the scrutiny to which Mr. Godkin was subjected while all but single-handed.

Apart from the resultant greater conspicuity, the merging of the weekly editor in the daily was not a promotion, for the *Nation* had already placed him in the front rank of American journalists even during the lifetime of the veterans we have mentioned. It was a familiar flattery to have his articles made over at a safe interval in a metropolitan daily; and in the country at large the practice was still more common. The *Nation* was eagerly read in every newspaper office of importance, and its ideas filtered down without acknowledgment through a thousand channels. On the other hand, in his new position, Mr. Godkin became inevitably a greater target for censure and abuse; the more because a New York daily must needs come to closer quarters with local corruption and misrule, and its editor be more exposed to pay with his person for incurring the wrath of organized iniquity. This Mr. Godkin did in his memorable campaign against Tammany.

Few journalists have labored less whose writing

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was of as high a quality as Mr. Godkin's. His pen was fluent and ready, but his diction never careless; rather it bore at all times the marks of training and culture of a high order. While able to develop a subject at any length, he had extraordinary aptitude for paragraph writing; his touch in either case was always light, his matter always pithy. His expression was very direct, vigorous, and trenchant; and he had an exceptional gift for descriptive narration. His style, indeed, was adequate for every use to which he applied it, and passed without effort from the journalistic to the literary vein, treating nothing that it did not adorn. Such adaptability is seldom encountered, and perhaps the nearest parallel to his is to be found in the writings of Harriet Martineau, long an editorial contributor to the *Daily News*. Mr. Godkin's humor, which "was ever lance and sword to him, and buckler and helmet," perplexed the simple-minded, while it enraged his enemies. Its droll visualizing quality lightened every page that he wrote for the *Nation*. On this side he has never been surpassed, if approached, and the effectiveness of his humor as a political weapon consisted in the freedom with which he directed it against the objects of a sham popular and partisan reverence. He owed this freedom, undeniably, to the foreign birth with which he was constantly reproached; but it was his humor which first pierced the glamour and enabled him to see men and

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policies in a dry light. Biting as it might be, it was never cynical. His conversation was naturally playful and seasoned with a hearty laughter, and his daily companionship most delightful.

As no American could have written Bryce's "American Commonwealth" or Goldwin Smith's "History of the United States," so it may be doubted if any native of this country could have erected the standard of political independence which Mr. Godkin set up in the *Nation* and maintained in the *Evening Post*. He did this, however, not as a foreigner, but as an American to the core. A utilitarian of the school of Bentham, an economist of the school of John Stuart Mill, an English Liberal to whom America, with all its flagrant inconsistency of slaveholding, was still the hope of universal democracy, he cast in his lot with us, became a naturalized citizen, took an American wife — gave every pledge to the land of his adoption except that of being a servile follower of party. He brought to his high calling sound principles of finance, with which he fought the good fight of honest money, specie payments, and currency reform; of political economy, with which he combated protection and its attendant corruption; of popular government, which stood by him in the removal of the Reconstruction scandal; of office as a public trust, which made his journal the most potent medium for the promotion of civil-service reform and the exposure

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of machine and boss government. Nowhere is there such a body of useful doctrine for serious-minded youth seeking to fit themselves to be "perfect citizens" (as was said of the late John M. Forbes) as the files of the *Nation* contained during Mr. Godkin's thirty-five years' connection with it. Nowhere can the historically-minded man more profitably turn for light upon our latter-day decadence.

Many volumes of speeches are compiled, but few are read long after their publication, and the same oblivion more certainly overtakes the political editor's monument. His contention is for the hour; his triumph is in his shaping of passing events. Those, however, whom curiosity or study leads to examine the writings of Mr. Godkin, will find them distinguished by a philosophic cast not unknown to American oratory before the war, but so ominously wanting in the legislative debates of the past two decades. It may be that Mr. Godkin will be currently quoted hereafter no more than Greeley, but not for the same reason. His text abounds in broad general sentiments and reflections such as find corroboration wherever "history repeats itself," and which in fact have in them the essence of prophecy. The number of fortunate predictions, both generic and specific, was truly notable in Mr. Godkin's case.

His judgment, as was proper in one whose function was criticism, was as rare a faculty as any that

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he possessed. Applied to public characters, it was almost unerring; and to measures, seldom at fault. To say that it was wholly unaffected by the heat of controversy, or was free from occasional excess or unfairness, would be an unnatural claim. But time itself has already approved the more significant estimates placed by him upon the men of his day; and where the legend is more lenient, it will be found that the popular memory is defective. The application of his judgment to causes was, it is needless to remark, purely ethical, and divorced from considerations of the winning or the losing side. *Sed victa Catoni* was honor enough for him. Yet when one enumerates all the dangers averted, and all the advances won in the struggle for good government on this continent, Mr. Godkin's mental balance is clearly apparent to those who remember his attitude towards each. And if we extend our consideration to foreign affairs, we can but admire his treatment of them in former years, when he followed them more closely and "saw what he foresaw." In this department his superiority was preëminent. In domestic affairs his judgment reposed on faith in the American character and in the ultimate sanity of democracy. If it was often disappointed, it was often gloriously vindicated.

There was occasion enough for melancholy in retrospect. Specific reforms with a definite aim in view

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attainable by legislation may reach a happy conclusion. Such was the fate of the anti-slavery agitation, and those who began it lived to see the fruit thereof. Their active labors lasted, including the Civil War, but thirty-five years — little more than a generation. For precisely the same term Mr. Godkin strove, above all, to create a spirit of independence of party and abolish the spoils system of government. The task was more difficult than the destruction of slavery. He witnessed a beginning of civil-service reform in the national domain and in one or two States; yet witnessed a ceaseless attack upon it in all, an evasion of it where possible, a betrayal of it by a President committed to the support of it, amid the general apathy of the people at large. He saw, at the Presidential election of 1896, party ascendancy secured by pledges, made to be broken, which for the moment confounded party lines. He saw the Democratic party manifest at one time a miraculous power of self-regeneration, only to sink back into the deepest of its abysses; the Republican party all the while stolidly implacable towards its come-outers for conscience' sake. Worse yet, he saw public men of both parties involved in a repudiation of the fundamental maxims of our republican experiment, and the conversion of a self-contained, peaceful, industrious democracy into an earth-hungry bel-

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ligerent, seeking points of hostile contact with the most warlike monarchies.

“He grew old in an age he condemned,
Felt the dissolving throes
Of a social order he loved,
And, like the Theban seer,
Died in his enemies’ day.”

It testifies to the fibre of a moralist whom the infirmity of age was consciously drawing from the scene, that he was neither soured nor dejected by such a prospect. It was in Mr. Godkin’s mind to strive to the end. His formal retirement, however, from the *Evening Post* was none too soon for his failing strength of body. Though he recovered, beyond all expectations, from an apoplectic stroke incurred on February 4, 1900, and continued to write at intervals for this journal during another twelve-month, he could not complete the revision of his *Reminiscences*, for which many publishers had besought him, and we shall never have his own summing up of his life-work, — wherein it satisfied him to remember, where haply it fell short in method, manner, or temper, what title it gave him to good fame and lasting human gratitude. Some who first heard his trumpet-call and have had their spiritual natures determined by his lofty and disinterested teaching — call it preaching, if you will, and his press a religious press — have recently publicly con-

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fessed their indebtedness. More will be moved to do so now; and more still, alas! — a multitude — will never know what benefaction they have received from his hand who moulded for good the generation from which they sprung.

JACOB DOLSON COX¹

THIRTY years ago this very month which witnesses his decease, Mr. Cox, then Secretary of the Interior, received from President Grant such treatment as seldom falls to the lot of an upright Cabinet officer. One McGarrahan, who had for years been endeavoring in the courts to establish a fraudulent claim to California mining lands really belonging to the United States, and had four times been repulsed in disgrace by the courts, was working upon Congress, where his success was no greater. However, his claim had, in 1870, been again referred to the House Judiciary Committee, and he had as counsel Lewis Dent, the President's brother-in-law. Meanwhile the New Idria Mining Company lodged an application with the Interior Department for a patent to the same lands. Through the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, promptly and sharply overruled by the United States Supreme Court, McGarrahan procured an injunction against the application taking its natural course. This failing, he induced the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee to request Secretary Cox to suspend proceedings in

¹ From the *Nation*, August 9, 1900, vol. 71, p. 107.

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view of possible Congressional action in favor of the pretender. The Secretary, upon this impertinence, asked the advice of Attorney-General Hoar, who replied that the rights of the New Idria Company were determined by law, and were not subject to requests from judiciary committees or even from Congress itself. Accordingly, Secretary Cox ordered the Land Office examiners to pursue their usual routine with due notice to all parties interested.

It was now midsummer, and President Grant had gone to Long Branch, whither the McGarrahan interest pursued him, and drew from him an executive order to Secretary Cox to disregard the Attorney-General's advice, and to leave the matter in the hands of the Judiciary Committee. The Secretary, who had in vain urged that Grant return to Washington and submit the controversy to a special meeting of the Cabinet, gave plain notice in his reply that such interference on the part of his chief, if persisted in (and this was not the first instance), would compel him to resign.

The occasion was not long in coming. The Pennsylvania election was approaching, and the Republican party managers made their customary appearance in Washington to blackmail the clerks of the departments in a manner now prohibited by law. The Interior Department, however, had been put by Secretary Cox, of his own motion, and long before

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any civil-service reform regulations had been enacted, on a merit basis — no dismissals except for incompetency, no appointments except after examination. He accordingly forbade a levy fixed in the case of each clerk or class by the party collectors, with threat of dismissal for non-compliance. From this moment he was doomed. Simon Cameron and Senator "Zach" Chandler led a powerful movement to oust the independent Secretary. The President, on his part, displeased at finding his irregular, semi-military interference resented, — moreover, already seeking a renomination, — gave no support to Secretary Cox, who in October handed in his resignation, following Hoar, who had been previously forced out. "Stalwart" Republicans like Colonel Forney of the Philadelphia Press, acting as Grant's mouthpiece, insinuated "personal reasons" for the resignation, and then attacked the retiring officer for his "sickly sentimentality" in taking the civil service out of politics, as well as for his action in the case of the McGarrah claim.

Secretary Cox's virtual dismissal at the behest of the machine was vigorously censured by the press of the country without distinction of party. President Woolsey of Yale and his professors held a meeting to swell the chorus of reprobation. In fact, the incident of Secretary Cox's political martyrdom materially conduced to the ultimate triumph of the reform

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movement, then struggling into being. It was still fresh in the public mind when the opposition aroused by the progress of official corruption under Grant's first administration engendered the luckless Cincinnati Convention of 1872. General Cox was a natural candidate of the reform party, with which he had publicly identified himself. A lawyer by profession, he had had civic experience as State Senator of Ohio, when with Hayes and Garfield he virtually directed legislation; at the close of the war he had been elected Governor. His versatile talent had found free play as executive head of the miscellaneous Department of the Interior. His services on the battlefield had been conspicuous and highly meritorious and successful. He had sacrificed his cabinet position in defence of pure government. He suffered, however, the fate of most martyrs, and his leadership was not entertained by a body which ended by nominating Greeley.

A partial return to public life was made in 1876, when the Sixth Ohio District elected General Cox to the House of Representatives at Washington by the largest majority ever known. It was his hope that he might thus do something to sustain President Hayes. He did not serve a second term; whether it was not assured him, or whether the time had come for him to choose for or against politics as a career, he felt the helplessness of the new member, unused

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to the ropes. He saw how genuine debate is handicapped by the vastness of the House chamber and by the mob of inattentive members. Perhaps he had had enough of strife, for his character was essentially easy and amiable, however resolute and soldierly. Save for one speech on the stump in 1880 in support of his old associate Garfield, he retired altogether from politics, even as a free lance or as a contributor to public discussion in the press. He came near being drawn into the currency debate, for he had been persuaded by his friend Dana Horton's arguments for the remonetization of silver; but he held aloof. He had, on quitting the Cabinet, resumed the practice of the law in Cincinnati. He then removed to Toledo to become President of the Wabash Railroad. On the expiration of his Congressional term, he was made President of the Cincinnati University, and afterwards Dean of the Law School. A graduate of Oberlin College in 1851, he returned three years ago to that institution to end his days, having made a most agreeable arrangement by which his private library was added to that of the college, and he provided with a corner of his own, where his literary work could be pursued amid delightful surroundings. Here he completed, among other works, his military memoirs now in course of publication by the Scribners, and he entered upon his vacation last month with as much buoyancy and expectation as ever. It was his summer

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custom to join one of his sons in cruising in the Gulf of Maine, with headquarters at Magnolia, Mass., and in that place he died after a brief weakness on August 4.

We have purposely, in these "strenuous" days, begun our notice of a truly noble man and rare American at a point unrelated to his military career, which, with his various writings, will chiefly cause him to be remembered by posterity. He was, however, one of the first to raise troops and take command in the Civil War, passing (after distinguished action on many fields from West Virginia to Maryland, Tennessee, and North Carolina) from a brigadier-generalship to a major-generalship, in which capacity he earned the honors of the stubborn contest with Hood at Franklin. Of the war he became an historian in his monographs on "Atlanta," "The March to the Sea," "The Second Battle of Bull Run, as Connected with the Fitz-John Porter Case," "The Battle of Franklin," and finally in the memoirs already referred to, of which he was reading the proofs when stricken down. He had been for many years, and to the very last, the military critic of books for the *Nation* and the *Evening Post*, and after the death of John C. Ropes he was easily the highest authority with reference to the events and the strategy of the Civil War. He wrote with great fluency, seldom amending his proofs, and maintained to the end the

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vigor of thought and expression which marked his prime. His fairness was remarkable for a nature so hearty as to be almost fervid. If his judgment of Fitz-John Porter seems unwarranted, or at least not that which will finally prevail, his admiration for Grant as a soldier was unimpaired by his experience with him as a politician-ridden President. For Sherman, too, he had a high regard, in spite of a certain brusqueness towards subordinates; for, as General Cox used to remark, when the fight was raging no man could be more Chesterfieldian, and he concluded that, on the whole, he should prefer, of all commanders he had known, to serve again under Sherman.

General Cox did not go with his party the full length of its opposition to President Johnson, and this contributed in some measure to his dropping out of local politics in Ohio. He had a dread of negro suffrage, or rather he had a strong desire that the white race should shape the destiny of the country. No more than others who have essayed it could he suggest a solution of the reconstruction problem wiser or more stable than that adopted by Congress. In 1865 he proposed a scheme of segregation, but it found no echo. He witnessed with satisfaction the downfall of the carpet-bag régime, to which President Hayes gave the *coup de grace* that President Grant forbore to deal, though seeing it to be inevitable. He

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knew that through or over existing forms the wealth, intelligence, and force of character of the South would assert itself and regain control of the government. The extent to which this process has actually gone on, with the growth of lynching and political terrorism such as shocks us to-day, could but seem to him deplorable.

The distinction of Oberlin College was that it welcomed not only female students — a prime innovation — but colored. Of such an institution General Cox was proud to be both an alumnus and latterly a trustee. He married a daughter of President Finney, once famous as a revivalist preacher, and made his last home in a spot endeared to both by the tenderest associations. His father was a master-builder, whose home sometimes accompanied his contracts, and was actually in Montreal when the future General Cox was born on October 27, 1828. Mechanical aptitude “ran in the family,” and produced among the numerous brothers a turbine wheel on which great expectations, not realized, were based. General Cox was devoted to the microscope, and among his other diversions was a thorough study of the cathedrals of Europe. He was the father of Kenyon Cox, the well-known artist and art critic. A daughter married a son of General Pope.

We should do ourselves injustice if we withheld from this imperfect tribute to General Cox the note

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of personal bereavement. For a generation we have enjoyed with him an intimacy characterized by utter frankness and entire mutual esteem through all vicissitudes of opinion; enlivened by constant intercourse by letter, in connection with that attached and cordial collaboration which has lent so much weight to the reviews of this journal; and refreshed by visits, "alas! too few," in his annual east-westward journey. In a time of decadence we feel keenly the loss of one who threw all his weight in the scale of that elder Americanism which, to look only at his own State, has undergone so woeful a substitution — for Chase, and Giddings, and Wade, for Hayes and Garfield, of Grosvenor and Foraker, of McKinley and Hanna.

SAMUEL E. SEWALL¹

By his first name, the subject of this brief biography proclaimed himself a descendant of Chief Justice Samuel Sewall, of honored memory. His middle name, Edmund, as unmistakably betrayed his Quincy blood. His cousin, Samuel Joseph May, bore two Sewall names. Through Elizabeth Walley (Mrs. Tiffany does not mention the interesting fact) Mr. Sewall's line blended with that of Wendell Phillips. The part played by these Boston kinsmen — Sewall, May, Phillips, and Edmund Quincy — in the small beginnings of the anti-slavery enterprise, and in its subsequent mighty propaganda to the end, is known to all readers of the *Life of Garrison*. Mr. Sewall was the least conspicuous of the four admirable and gifted spirits, and was the shyest and most shrinking; but the great orator had not more fire, nor Garrison himself more constancy, while his liberality was as judicious as it was incessant. As a lawyer of high standing he rendered peculiar services to the cause in drafting anti-slavery measures or in helping rescue the fugitive; and this professional talent he

¹ *Samuel E. Sewall : A Memoir*. By Nina Moore Tiffany. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1898. From the *Nation*, December 8, 1898, vol. 67, p. 434.

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concurrently applied to the amelioration of the laws affecting the status of women.

If Mr. Sewall inherited from Anne Bradstreet his disposition to poetize (privately), so that his first wife could address him as "Dearest and best beloved of poets"; and from the Chief Justice, author of "The Selling of Joseph," his anti-slavery instinct and mandate, he borrowed nothing of Samuel Sewall the diarist. Mrs. Tiffany has found her material but scanty — no great store of letters even; and her additions to what was already accessible in print are chiefly in the province of the rights, not of man, but of woman. She enables one to comprehend, however, the mixture of radicalism and conservatism, modesty and courage, womanly tenderness and manly initiative, censure and toleration, which marked this genuine philanthropist. The last-named quality is nowhere better shown than in his relations to Mr. Garrison. To the founding and early support of the *Liberator* Mr. Sewall was indispensable; yet he disliked the name of the paper, and (as his biographer would have done well to remind her readers) proposed for it the *Safety-Lamp*. In the organization of the first immediate-abolition society, Mr. Sewall shrank from the doctrine which was to distinguish sharply the new from the older and ineffective movements. He was on the committee with Garrison to draft its constitution, and his Aunt Robie reported

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that "Mr. Garrison troubles them considerably, he is so furious." Mr. Sewall would not sign the preamble as agreed upon, yet soon consented to become one of the board of managers. This was not fickleness, but progress in conviction. Mr. Garrison's method was not his, but he desired the same thing, and he respected the pioneer. While he was still generously contributing to the support of the *Liberator*, and when the paper was only four months old, he wrote (April, 1831) deploring the "violent and abusive language which he (the editor) is constantly pouring out, . . . calling all slaveholders thieves and robbers, declaring that no slaveholder can be a Christian, and accusing every one who does not think exactly as he does of wilful blindness and want of principle. Notwithstanding all this, his paper is doing good." Twenty-nine years afterwards, Mr. Sewall criticised himself in even stronger terms for a speech made at a Thaddeus Hyatt meeting in New York in May, 1860: —

"Though much that I said is omitted (in *Herald* and *Tribune*), and much inaccurately and imperfectly reported, yet they have taken pains to put in two blackguardisms very exactly, one calling the Senate 'a most contemptible body,' the other calling (Senator) 'Mason a wretch.' These expressions slipped out by accident. I do not believe there is any use in such abuse. More effect would

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be given to the same charges if expressed in milder terms."

Mr. Sewall did not share the Garrisonian scruples about political action under a pro-slavery Constitution, but neither did he withdraw his support or name or steadfast coöperation from the animating moral enterprise. Still less did he make a fetish of party. He lived to cast his vote for Cleveland against Blaine, and to justify it in a fine letter here reproduced. He was a familiar figure at the State House in Boston, where he had been Senator in the Free-Soil coalition days. His last appearance there was in the spring of 1888, when he went before the Judiciary Committee with six bills — to equalize the descent of real estate and of personal property between husband and wife, and the custody of minor children; to legalize conveyances, gifts, and contracts between them; to provide for testamentary guardians for wives as well as widows; and to repeal the act limiting the right of married women to dispose of real estate by will. He and his fellow petitioners had summary leave to withdraw, but the rebuff had no discouragement for him, whose heart was as light as his step. His last words bespoke his cheerful purpose to confront the Legislature again with the same measures at their next session; but (he was in his ninetieth year) death now gave him his well-earned leave to withdraw.

SAMUEL E. SEWALL

This little volume deserves to find a place in every public library beside the kindred memoirs of Phillips and May; Quincy yet awaits a pious hand. A beautiful portrait of Mr. Sewall in his silvery old age serves as frontispiece.

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A DUTCH artist is said to have taken a cow grazing in a field as the "fixed point" in his landscape — with consequences to his perspective that may be imagined. The writer on the "laws" of punctuation is in much the same predicament. He must begin by admitting that no two masters of the art would punctuate the same page in the same way; that usage varies with every printing-office and with every proofreader; that as regards the author, too, his punctuation is largely determined by his style, or, in other words, is personal and individual — "singular, and to the humor of his irregular self." The same writer will tell you, further, that punctuation will vary according as one has in view rapidity and clearness of comprehension, avoidance of fatigue in reading aloud, or rhetorical expression. Worse still, coming to the conventional signs which we call points or stops, he is bound to acknowledge that they are very largely interchangeable, at the caprice of authors or printers. Well may he exclaim, with Robinson Crusoe, "These considerations really put me to a pause, and to a kind of a full stop."

It is the paradox of the art, however, that the more

¹ From *The Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1906.

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these difficulties are faced and examined, the fuller becomes our understanding of the principles which do actually underlie the convention that makes punctuation correct or faulty. And in so unsystematic a system the expositor has the delightful privilege of flinging order to the winds, and choosing his own manner of development. He may elect to dwell at the outset on the apparent want of rule and the undoubtedly shifting and fluctuating practice. Take, for example, the question which nearly cost Darwin the friendship of Captain Fitz-Roy on the *Beagle*:—

“I then asked him whether he thought that the answer of slaves in the presence of their master was worth anything?”

How Mr. Darwin printed this sentence I do not know, but in the printed volume of his *Life* it ends with an interrogation mark. No one can contest the propriety of this. Nevertheless, he might have chosen to follow the prevailing custom with *indirect* questions and end with a period [was worth anything.]. Or, again, he might have used an exclamation point, to indicate his surprise at Fitz-Roy's believing a slave who said he did not wish to be free; and, more than surprise, the scornful feeling that was in his tone, for he says that he put the question “perhaps with a sneer” [was worth anything !]. In this instance, the period and the interrogation mark address themselves merely to the eye, as aids to quick understand-

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ing. The inflection of the voice for one reading aloud would be the same, whichever was employed. The exclamation point, on the other hand, subtly conveys an emotional, rhetorical hint to the reader, which puts him, and enables him to put his hearers, in sympathy with the mood of the writer.

As a matter of fact, Darwin was intent simply on illustrating Fitz-Roy's temper, and had no rhetorical designs whatever upon the reader. Suppose the opposite to have been the case, and that he had preferred to suggest not his own moral indignation, but the sheer intellectual absurdity and grotesqueness of the commander's credulity. He might then, discarding the exclamation point, have chosen to end his sentence with a dash or double dash [was worth anything —]. This stop would have had the value of a twinkle of the eye, or of a suppressed guffaw. I do not mean that ridicule is the special and constant function of the final dash. What it does is to make an abrupt termination, leaving it to the reader's imagination to guess what lies beyond. But the imagination is really directed by what has gone before. The French use, instead of the double dash, a series of dots. Sterne is the chief English writer who has liberally adopted this rather unsavory Gallic application, and he substitutes for it on one occasion a dash which has neither a ludicrous nor an unclean signification, but one quite solemn. He interrupts the touch-

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ing story of Uncle Toby's benevolence to Lefever with this finished-unfinished ejaculation :

“That kind Being who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this ——” where the dash has all the effect of uplifted hands and a benediction, or of tears that checked further utterance.

Already, then, from a single example of the interchangeability of points, we perceive what shades of refinement in expression are possible to the judicious. And since we have mentioned Sterne, we may ponder here what he says of the *sentence*, for its equal bearing upon punctuation :

“Just heaven ! how does the *Poco più* and the *Poco meno* of the Italian artists — the insensibly more or less — determine the precise line of beauty in the sentence as well as in the statue ! How do the *slight* touches of the chisel, the pen, the fiddlestick, et cetera, give the true pleasure ! . . . O my countrymen ! be nice ; be cautious of your language ; and never, O never ! let it be forgotten upon what small particles your eloquence and your fame depend.”

In quainter fashion, Emily Dickinson wrote to a correspondent : “What a hazard an accent is ! When I think of the hearts it has scuttled or sunk, I almost fear to lift my hand to so much as a punctuation.”

A British organ of the book-trade heads thus an

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illustration of the working of the Bankruptcy Act of 1883:

ANOTHER SATISFACTORY SETTLEMENT?

The use of "satisfactory" is here clearly satirical, as is meant to be intimated by the interrogation mark. As a jester with a sober face, the writer might have contented himself with a period [satisfactory settlement.]; or, with more feeling, he might have used the explosive exclamation point [satisfactory settlement!]; or, again, he might have ended with the period while inserting immediately after the word "satisfactory" either of the other two points, in parenthesis [satisfactory (?) settlement, satisfactory (!) settlement], or resorting to quotation marks ["satisfactory" settlement].

Next, two sentences out of Ruskin:

"You think I am going into wild hyperbole?"

"But, at least, if the Greeks do not give character, they give ideal beauty?"

Here the *form* is affirmative, but there is a suppressed inquiry — "You think, *do you?*" "They give, *do they not?*" — and this justifies the interrogation mark. The affirmative interrogation is abundantly exemplified in Jowett's translation of Plato's Dialogues, being skilfully employed to vary the monotony of the catechism; as in the case of this sentence from the "Charmides":

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“Then temperance, I said, will not be doing one’s own business; at least not in this way, or not doing these sort of things?”

So Dickens writes inquiringly to Forster concerning a projected novel:

“The name is ‘Great Expectations.’ I think a good name?”

Dr. Bradley, the Oxford Professor of Poetry, commenting on “In Memoriam,” says there are frequent instances in it and in Tennyson’s other works of defective punctuation, “and, in particular, of a defective use of the note of interrogation.” And shall we not here make a little digression to accuse poets in general of neglect of pointing? A stanza of Whittier’s “Pæan” was thus maltreated in the Osgood edition of 1870 — that is, in the author’s lifetime:

Troop after troop their line forsakes;
With peace-white banners waving free,
And from our own the glad shout breaks,
Of Freedom and Fraternity!

Every one of the first three lines is grossly mispointed.
Read:

Troop after troop their line forsakes,
With peace-white banners waving free;
And from our own the glad shout breaks
Of Freedom and Fraternity!

Better than such obstructions to the sense would it have been if these lines had been left wholly un-

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punctuated. In fact, a good deal of simple verse, devoid of *enjambement*, might dispense wholly with points without great loss. The opening lines of Gray's "Elegy," or of Emerson's "Concord Monument," would suffer little in intelligibility if printed thus :

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The early scribes, by a system known as stichometry, attained the ends of punctuation by chopping up the text into lines accommodated to the sense. And in our modern practice a stop is often omissible at the end of a line because of the break, whereas it would be essential to clearness if the final word of one line and the first of the succeeding stood close together. Macaulay, writing of Pitt, says :

"Widely as the taint of corruption had spread | his hands were clean."

Had the line broken thus —

"Widely as the taint of corruption had | spread his hands were clean,"

to omit the comma after "spread" would have made *his hands* seem the object of the verb.

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Division into lines is what makes poetry in most languages easier for the beginner than prose; and another result is that the punctuation of poetry is more disregarded by writers themselves than that of prose, though nowhere are there such opportunities as in verse for elegant and subtle pointing.

The exclamation point, which disputes a place with the interrogation mark and the period, is in turn contested by other stops. It has a peculiar function in apostrophizing, and the poets avail themselves of it freely.

O Lady ! we receive but what we give,

writes Coleridge in his ode "Dejection"; yet in the same poem we encounter :

Thou Wind, that ravest without.

Mad Lutanist ! who, in this month of showers

Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!

Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold!

The comma in the last two lines is to be approved because of the exclamation point at the end and the desirability of husbanding stress. But the following quotations, from Byron, Clough, and Wordsworth respectively, show that the comma need not apologize for itself, and that the apostrophic usage is divided *ad libitum* :

Fond hope of many generations, art thou dead?

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What voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call.

The approved German practice is to put an exclamation point after Dear Sir (or Friend) at the beginning of a letter, and it was not unknown to our forefathers in their private correspondence; but convention now forbids it in English, and we use either the colon or the dash — the latter chiefly when the line runs on continuously after it. In friendly expostulation, however, as, “My dear sir! consider what you are saying!” the exclamation point reasserts itself.

The colon and the dash have many functions in common. Either may be used before a quoted passage — and so may the comma, but preferably before a short quotation. From Coleridge again:

“Up starts the democrat: ‘May all fools be guillotened, and then you will be the first!’”

“Now I know, my gentle friend, what you are murmuring to yourself — ‘This is so like him!’”

Colon and dash may be indifferently used wherever “namely” or “to wit” is to be understood, or even where it is expressed; but *then* the comma is more apt to be employed than either.

“What is stupidly said of Shakspeare is really true and appropriate of Chapman: mighty faults counterpoised by mighty beauties.”

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“The Government called you hither; the constitution thereof being limited so — a Single Person and a Parliament.”

“He abandoned the proud position of the victorious general to exchange it for the most painful position which a human being can occupy, viz., the management of the affairs of a great nation with insufficient mental gifts and inadequate knowledge.”

In English prose the colon has rarely a parenthetical function. Dickens, however, made free use of it in this capacity, as one may see in “*Dombey and Son*.” Here is an extract from a review in the *London Athenæum*, in which the Latin proverb is enclosed by colons:—

“In examining works which cover so vast a field, it is not difficult to detect here and there an omission or a slip of the pen : *facile est inventis addere* : but in the present case one has to resort to a powerful magnifying-glass to discover points deserving censure.”

In verse, Clough’s “*Qua cursum ventus*” furnishes a fine instance :

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce, long leagues apart, desried :

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side :

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E'en so — but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

The second stanza is purely parenthetical, and it might equally well, if less elegantly, be pointed with parentheses, a semicolon replacing the colon :

Are scarce, long leagues apart, desried ;
(When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
By each was cleaving, side by side ;)

It is rather the comma and the dash which compete with the marks of parenthesis. Thus, Fenimore Cooper writes, in his "Mohicans":

“The suddenness and the nature of the surprise had nearly proved too much for — we will not say the philosophy, but for the faith and resolution of David.”

This might justifiably have been pointed out as follows: [too much for (we will not say the philosophy, but for) the faith and resolution of David].

Dash, comma, and parenthesis have equal title to employment in this sentence of Thackeray's:

“If that theory be — and I have no doubt it is — the right and safe one.”

"If that theory be, and I have no doubt it is,"

“If that theory be (and I have no doubt it is)”

A frequent old-fashioned usage is exemplified in Coleridge's —

“Whatever beauty (thought I) may be before the

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poet's eye at present, it must certainly be of his own creation."

This has pretty much given way to the comma: [Whatever beauty, thought I, may be, etc.].

The parenthesis usefully replaces the comma when greater perspicuity is thereby attainable, as in this quotation from a newspaper of the day:

"You have not undertaken any better or more important work than the defense of State politics, which, of course, includes municipal, against national."

Here the sentence is very much cut up by commas, and, in order to bring out the antithesis of *state* and *national*, a parenthesis after "politics" and after "municipal" effects a decided change for the better: [State politics (which, of course, includes municipal) against national]. In fact, thus used, the parenthesis is only a larger and more striking comma, or a curved "virgule," as the slanting precursor of the comma was called. In the "prologge" to Tyndale's first edition of the New Testament, where the virgule is the only form of comma, the opening sentence employs parentheses where we now resort to commas:

"I have here translated (brethern and susters moost dere and tenderly beloued in Christ) the newe Testament."

The parenthesis has been decried by some literary authority, and is rather under the ban of proofreaders,

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but without good reason. Prejudice to the contrary notwithstanding, the sign is, in any flexible system of punctuation, of great utility in clearing up obscurity and coming to the relief of the overworked comma, as in the penultimate example above. It needs no other apology.

While the comma, semicolon, colon, dash, parenthesis, and period may be termed "pauses," and may, in a rough way, be classified as being longer or shorter, this arrangement helps but little to determine the proper occasion for the use of each. In a scientific and unimpassioned style something like a mathematical punctuation is possible; but when fervor or vivacity or personal idiosyncrasy of any kind enters in, the points become puppets to be handled almost at will. Take the line of verse —

God never made a tyrant nor a slave.

The need in it of punctuation other than the final period is not obvious; but, in the poet's own feeling, a comma was called for, slightly checking the flow, thus —

God never made a tyrant, nor a slave.

By this refinement a little more emphasis is bestowed on the second member — "nor a slave either," as if mankind were less disposed to eliminate slaves than tyrants from the divine order: a state of mind actually witnessed in this country in 1830, when the

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slaveholding citizens of Charleston celebrated the overthrow of Charles X. The emphasis would, of course, have been heightened by employing a dash, as —

God never made a tyrant — nor a slave.

So Byron, in his “ Isles of Greece ”:

He served — but served Polycrates
(A tyrant, but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen).

A comma [He served, but served Polycrates] would have meant, “that made a difference”; the dash implies, “that made *a great deal* of difference.”

The semicolon has nowadays a much closer relation with the comma than with the colon. In the days of the scribes, it shared with the colon a function now confined to the period, viz., of denoting a terminal abbreviation — sometimes standing apart, as in *undiq* ; (for *undique*); sometimes closely attached to the final letter, as, *q*; for *que*. The early printers duly adopted this, with other conventions of the manuscripts. When the Gothic letter was abandoned for the Roman, a curious result ensued in the case of the abbreviation of *videlicet* (*viz.*). The semicolon was detached from the *i*, but no longer as a point. It took the shape of the letter it resembled in Gothic script, though not in Roman print, and thus really gave a twenty-seventh letter to our alphabet—a pseudo z.

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Not unnaturally, it acquired the sound of *z* or *ss*, as is exemplified in the lines from “Hudibras”:

That which so oft by sundry writers
Has been applied t' almost all fighters,
More justly may b' ascribed to this
Than any other warrior, viz.

Naturally, too, it ceased even to signify a contraction, for our printers follow it with a period (*viz.*), for that purpose; and if the practice observed by Goetz of Cologne, of using a zed for a period, had prevailed, we might have seen the odd form *vizz* arise.

The semicolon is now become a big brother of the comma, enabling long sentences to be subdivided with great advantage to comprehension and oral delivery. It is of marked use in categories, where the comma would tend to no little confusion. Thus:

“He has now begun the issue of two remaining classes of laws — Private Laws; and Resolves, Orders, Addresses, etc.”

— as contrasted with [Private Laws, and Resolves, Orders, Addresses, etc.].

In the following passage from Coleridge the semicolon prevents a close-knit paragraph from being cut up by periods:

“Of dramatic blank verse we have many and various specimens — for example, Shakspeare’s as compared with Massinger’s, both excellent in their kind; of lyric, and of what may be called orphic or

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philosophic, blank verse, perfect models may be found in Wordsworth ; of colloquial blank verse there are excellent, though not perfect, examples in Cowper ; but of epic blank verse, since Milton, there is not one."

An extract from Thomas Paine will exhibit several substitutions besides the one we are considering :

"Our present condition is, legislation without law ; wisdom without a plan ; a constitution without a name ; and, what is strangely astonishing, perfect independence contending for dependence."

Here the comma in place of the semicolon would have sufficed throughout if that before "legislation" had been made either colon or dash, and if the parenthetical clause "what is strangely astonishing" had been bracketed :

"Our present condition is : legislation without law, wisdom without a plan, a constitution without a name, and (what is strangely astonishing) perfect independence contending for dependence."

Nor would any obscurity have arisen in this extract from Burke had the comma prevailed ; but the semicolon answers the purpose of emphasizing the several relative clauses :

"They think there is nothing worth pursuit but that which they can handle ; which they can measure with a two-foot rule ; which they can tell upon ten fingers."

Very frequently the semicolon plays at seesaw with

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the dash, most familiarly in the case of the hanging participial clause, as when Clarendon writes :

“In Warwickshire the King had no footing ; the castle of Warwick, the city of Coventry, and his own castle of Killingworth being fortified against him” — where we might point : [— the castle of Warwick . . . being fortified against him]. And again in simple opposition, as of Knickerbocker :

“He was a brisk, wiry, waspish little old gentleman ; such a one as may now and then be seen stumping about our city,” etc. — in place of which may be employed [— such a one as may now and then be seen].

In the third place, the semicolon may dispute the dash before a relative pronoun when it is desired to mark the *whole* of what precedes as the antecedent, instead of the nearest noun or phrase. Take this stately period from Sir Thomas Browne : —

“We present not these as any strange sight or spectacle unknown to *your* eyes, who have beheld the best of urns and noblest variety of ashes, who are yourself no slender master of antiquities, and can daily command the view of so many imperial faces ; which raiseth your thoughts unto old things and consideration of times before you when even living men were antiquities, when the living might exceed the dead, and to depart this world could not properly be said to go unto the greater number.”

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But it is time to pause. Either some light has been shed on the principles of punctuation by studying the diversity of good usage, or else my readers may envy Lord Timothy Dexter's, who were bid to pepper and salt as they chose. This ignoramus, in bunching his points at the end of his book, intimated two truths — one, that punctuation is, to a large extent at least, a personal matter; the other that punctuation may be good without being scientific. By way of illustrating the latter thesis, I will quote here a passage from Rousseau on grammar :

“Whether a given expression,” he says, “be or be not what is called French or in accordance with good usage, is not the question. We talk and write solely with a view to being understood. Provided we are intelligible, our end is attained; if we are clear, it is still better attained. Speak clearly, then, to any one who understands French. Such is the rule, and be sure that if you committed five thousand barbarisms to boot, you would none the less have written well. I go further, and maintain that we must sometimes be wilfully ungrammatical for the sake of greater lucidity. In this, and not in all the pedantry of purism, consists the veritable art of composition.”

So we may say broadly of punctuation that if any composition is so pointed as to convey the author's meaning, it is well pointed. If it is, in addition, free from all ambiguity, it is still better pointed. And

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sometimes we must be wilfully ungrammatical in order to be lucid, as in the following sentence, in which the comma after "has," though it separates the subject from the verb, tells us at once that "witnesses" *is* the verb and not a noun :

"The rise of such a society to such power as it now has, witnesses to profound modifications in the prevalent religious conceptions."

Likewise when we separate the object from the verb, as in —

"This, man alone can accomplish,"
to show that it *is* the object, and not a demonstrative adjective qualifying "man," as in —

"Even out of that, mischief has grown."

It still remains possible, by a skilful combination of conventional usage and natural selection, to endow the text with every aid to quick and perfect apprehension, and to the effectiveness of the rhetorical and emotional aim of the writer. The punctuation then leaves nothing to be desired; it becomes elegant, the mark of a cultivated mind. How many graduates of our colleges, of both sexes, betray in their manuscripts no evidence of their literary training! How many writers of learning and distinction need to be edited for the press in the simple matter of punctuation! Our text-books are palpably at fault — our elementary text-books; for the study ought never to pass beyond the grammar school.

AUTHORITY IN LANGUAGE¹

IN April last the French Academy admitted to its Dictionary the word *chic*, without hesitation for the meaning "improvisation of the artist who works without a model," but only after much discussion for the sense "taste of the day," "caprice of fashion." If some critics would have barred out the word altogether, others complained that recognition came tardily. *Chic* (to which Littré was hospitable long ago, and which Sanders embraced in his "Verdeutschungswörterbuch" in 1884) was, said M. Émile Faguet, slang of the clerks of the *Parlement* of Paris in the seventeenth century, with a relation to *chicane*; but when it reappeared in the second third of the nineteenth century, it had in the ateliers a quite different signification, and gained general acceptance as "stylish" still later, between 1850 and 1860. Now, it is almost quite superseded by stranger forms, — *pschutt*, *v'lan*, *urf*, *bath*, *chouette*, *dans le train* (in the swim), *dernier bateau*, and our English *smart*. All admit, however, that the Academy is exercising its proper function in fixing the limits of the allowable in correct French.

This function was invaded in a way, in 1900, by

¹ From the *Nation*, September 4, 1902, vol. 75, p. 186.

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M. Georges Leygues, Minister of Public Instruction, who was not uninfluenced by the agitation carried on during the previous three years by the Society for Spelling Reform. In a decree issued on the proposal of the Superior Council of Public Instruction, and dated July 31, 1900, he prescribed a number of licenses both in spelling and in syntax, which examiners should tolerate in rating for certificates; for example, in the pluralizing of certain adjectives and compound nouns, in hyphenation, in the regimen of the past participle, in the use of unsupported *ne* after certain comparative expressions, etc., in the placing of adjectives before or after the noun — matters on which there is considerable doubt and inconsistency in the prevailing usage. The storm of protest which this decree evoked led M. Leygues (who, the wits declared, should begin by simplifying his own name to Legue) to take advice of the Academy, which reported, through M. Hanotaux, against all the substantial changes proposed. M. Leygues, in a new decree, dated February 26, 1901, repudiated any intention of attacking the purity of the language or the work of grammarians, and drew a line (surely futile in practice) between strictness of teaching and strictness of examination.

The subject has just been reviewed, in a *Beilage* to the Programme of the Mülhausen Gymnasium, by Joseph Lebierre, who is engaged upon an exten-

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sive work showing the transformation and deformation of the French language during the past century. He marshals, rather obscurely because of poor typography, the arguments of the reformers and of the purists, who are not unevenly matched in learning and reputation. When Arsène Darmesteter pronounces French orthography the most incoherent and complicated of modern spellings, except the English, Brunetière points to the unrivalled expansion of English throughout the globe notwithstanding; while Bréal, far from wishing to write *farmacie* for *pharmacie*, *fisque* for *physique*, or to translate (as the new Germans have done under imperial guidance) such terms as *telephone* ("far-speaker"), advocates the greatest possible similarity in scientific and technical terms, for the sake of European solidarity. Other writers answer the solicitude of the reformers in behalf of foreigners as well as of school-children, by denying that there would be any real increase in facility of acquisition, whereas foreigners already in possession of the tongue would be compelled to unlearn and study anew. Would an Englishman be helped to recognize *juger* as meaning "judge" if it were spelt *jujer*, as is proposed, or *pijon* for *pigeon*? It may be set down for certain that any general disfigurement of the present orthography would separate French from English, which has taken over so much from the French; and that such typical changes as

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atension for *attention* or *aprendre* for *apprendre*, would serve to make English more a Latin tongue in appearance than French itself.

The battle has raged hottest, perhaps, over the proposed uniformity in the past participle of active verbs, instead of the actual concordance with the preceding object. Because the regimen of *couter* is quite without rule and because the past participle generally is conventionally constant or changeable in form, there is a desire to cut the knot at once by making this participle invariable. When, however, it is used adjectively, a difficulty immediately arises, for it is justly contended that gender neglected in the participle would tend to become neglected in the adjective, and the language would approach English in the absence of inflection. English influence, it may be, is already making the post-position of the adjective less rigorous than formerly, but the other revolution would be far more sweeping.

At this point the poets take a hand in the controversy, and make an anxious plea for the integrity of the mute *e* of the feminine termination. Without this letter, reported M. Hanotaux, harmony and rhythm would perish from French verse; and Larroumet declares that it is "a rare and precious resource of classical prosody, from which the sixteenth century poets derived incomparable effects of tenderness, elegance, and dreamy melancholy" — citing a famous

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couplet from "Phèdre," with a *Blessée-laissée* rhyme. Lacking the prolongation of the *e* mute, the verse becomes, he says, "hard and dry"; and he is sustained in this by Legouv  . A writer in the *Temps* claims the mute *e* as a peculiar musical property of the French language, and adds (but this is extremely doubtful) that "foreign poets envy us on account of it." Nevertheless, the strength of the position lies in the fact that the abolition of the mute *e* along with other silent letters would be the annihilation of a shading of which poetry must ever be jealous. The *Journal des D  bats* rightly remarked that if the new decree were carried to the logical conclusion of the reformers, "every mode of speaking and writing responsive to a shade of thought — perhaps a very subtle shade — would be construed as indicating a reactionary state of mind." It is in this light that must be interpreted a comment of the *Temps* apropos of the "historic" argument for spelling *frapper* "fraper," or *femme* "fame": "To put the history of the language against the rules of grammarians founded in reason is to put barbarism against culture."

The dispute is not without interest for the English-speaking world. Pure phonetic reform in spelling finds no adherents of any consequence in France. The *visuels*, who regard the physiognomy of words, greatly outnumber the *auditifs*, who rely upon the sound. All the leading reformers want is a gradual

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change, bit by bit; and in the land of centralization they naturally turn to the Academy or to the Government for the necessary authority — as in Germany reformers turn to the Government alone — as in the United States they turn to the Government after having failed to make any serious impression on authors or master printers. It is only a little while ago that it was sought in Congress to pass a bill imposing the American Philological Association's list of changes on the Government Printing-Office; and there is no telling when the measure may be brought up again. Only the other day we ourselves were offered a communication recommending that, having the opportunity to fashion the unfortunate Filipinos in our own image, we should teach their helpless children an English orthography which does not exist except in the above association's pious wish and the actual practice (more or less timid and partial) of its followers, largely librarians who shuffle off two letters from catalogue. All this is of paltry worth beside the freedom which is the real genius of the English language, which enriches it from all tongues, naturalizes at once what it borrows, asks no other authority for what is correct spelling or syntax than the best usage, makes the historical Dictionary like the Oxford the mirror and monument of a splendid linguistic development — the record of countless experiments, successes, failures,

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Revivals, too, of unexpected change ;

and has no fear that the purity of the English tongue or the peculiar quality of English verse can sustain any lasting injury from a spirit of innovation like that surveyed by M. Lebierre in France for the past thirty-five years, and ever at work among ourselves.

OF PORTRAITURE¹

ALL the arts employed in portraiture break down somewhere. Who can put his finger infallibly upon the true bust of Cæsar? Is the Stratford bust or the Droeshout print more like Shakspeare, or is neither a veracious presentment? Shall Houdon, Peale, or Stuart fix for us the lineaments of Washington? May we rest in Carpenter's oil painting of Lincoln, or in Marshall's engraving, or in Saint-Gaudens's Chicago statue? But with Lincoln we are already in the age of the daguerreotype and the photograph. Yet this only increases our perplexity, so numerous and diverse are the camera's reports. Bad posing and focussing distort and vulgarize; and then the man himself, sun-pictured at various ages, undergoes great changes of expression, takes on new lines of care and responsibility and sadness, from beardless becomes bearded. In the end, everybody forms a sort of composite image of the great statesman, and selects whatever print or photograph comes nearest to this abstraction.

Photography from life does, indeed, enable us to form unerring inferences about the subject's ap-

¹ From the *Nation*, November 7, 1904, vol. 78, p. 267.

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pearance, at least in a general way — the fashion of the hair, for one thing; the size and shape of the nose, mouth, and ears; the space between the eyes; the character of the brows; yet each liable to correction for untrue planes, prints out of focus, and the maladroitness or trick of the printing. Retouching, Rembrandtesque lighting, conceal features essential to be known, or falsify the complexion. Deliberate flattery is the fortune of many a photographer; but with the best intention to be honest, he may and perhaps must fall short quite as often as he produces something authentic. In a rather extended comparison of photographs submitted by candidates for teachers in our public schools, when (we are speaking of women) there is every motive for heightening personal attractiveness, we have found the original usually better than her effigy. In fact, as was said by an old sea-captain of “fast sailers,” to get ahead the camera needs “a great deal of assistance.”

Perhaps that age is most fortunate when *one* artistic memorial finds universal acceptance with contemporaries, and determines the conception of posterity. Still, being one, it must needs be popularized, and then begins the divagation that lends so much instructiveness, through grave copying of copies, to a collection of portraits of any historical personage. His admirers who buy for their walls are influenced partly by their ideal, partly by the art of

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the reproduction, content to have, if not the real hero, a worthy tribute of genius in whatever form, graphic or glyptic.

Let us suppose that such a collector or admirer wishes to procure the genuine Jean Jacques Rousseau. Perplexed by the multitude of representations — full-face and profile; bonneted, peruked, and bare-headed, — divisible under some half-dozen types, he seeks a clue to the labyrinth. To sum up, he finds the death-mask made by Houdon, who used it for numerous busts; the pastel portrait made from life in 1753, by Maurice Quentin de la Tour — the original now preserved in the Musée de Saint-Quentin; the replica from the same hand, made in 1764 and now in the Musée Rath at Geneva; the oil painting made by Allan Ramsay in London in 1766, now in the National Gallery in Edinburgh. The wax *modèle* in relief made by Isaac Grosset the elder at the same date, — who knows what has become of it? It is not included in the list of this artist's works given in the "Dictionary of National Biography." These are the sole authoritative standards.

Confining ourselves to the two paintings, we remark that Ramsay's portrait begot grander and finer engravings than La Tour's. His own country was not unmindful of the prophet, but Rousseau was a veritable lion in England; and whereas La Tour's work was a labor of love, Ramsay painted by order

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of David Hume, and the two engravings then and there made after him, by David Martin and by Richard Purcell (alias "C. Corbutt") — the latter reversed — are superb folio mezzotints. Comparable in scale, if somewhat coarse in execution, is J. B. Nochez's line engraving after Martin, published in Paris in 1769. In the case of La Tour, the first engraving appears to be L. J. Cathelin's (1763), bearing no name, but only Rousseau's device, *Vitam impendere vero*, in accordance with his authorization of July 21, 1762, to the Maréchale de Luxembourg, then the owner of the pastel of 1753. (The fine engraving by Augustin de Saint-Aubin from the same portrait is reversed.) So far so good; and now we may choose between the La Tour in French fashionable costume and Ramsay in Armenian bonnet and fur-bordered cloak. Which is the real Rousseau? Either, one might respond; in spite of a difference so great that they never would be suspected to stand for the same man — for they were taken thirteen years apart, or between the time when the Citizen of Geneva was delighting the Court with his opera, "Le Devin du Village," and the time when, having renounced that citizenship upon the public burning of his "Émile" in his native place as well as in Paris, he began his long wanderings, haunted by the monomania of a universal conspiracy against him.

A man's opinion of his own portrait is proverbially

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discredited. In this case we cannot tolerate "Rousseau juge de Jean-Jacques," as in his famous Dialogues. He has a pronounced predilection for La Tour's portrait of him. It has, in fact, a smiling expression not "touching," as Bernardin de Saint-Pierre found it, yet with the "*je ne sais quoi d'aimable, de fin.*" Diderot, who viewed it in the Salon of 1753, thought La Tour (a wonderful technician, in his opinion) to have made rather a pretty thing than a masterpiece; and criticised the dress of the courtier, that masked the author of the Discourse on Inequality, and even the comfortable rush-bottomed chair he was seated in — clearly not the man implied in Marmontel's lines affixed to the pastel, "*Sages, arrêtez-vous; gens du monde, passez.*" Ramsay's canvas, to our eyes, conveys far more strikingly the personal charm and the lively intellect of Jean Jacques. It shows also those "*regards perçants et inquiets,*" that "*œil oblique,*" of the self-tormentor, which Dusaulx noticed in their first interview three years later. Rousseau sitting for it (or standing in a constrained attitude, if we may believe his subsequent account) found no fault with it. He speaks, in his letter to Du Peyrou of March 29, 1766, of the "good painter," whose work the King had asked to see, and which was so much approved that it was to be engraved. Later, upon his breach with Hume, the portrait seemed a part of the foul conspiracy by

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which he had been brought to England, and he denounced it (but apparently upon the engravings) as an attempt to make a sullen and frightful Cyclops of him.

Was Hume disappointed? The first night out from Paris, it will be remembered, the poor Frenchman, sleeping in the same room with his patron, heard him cry out with the ominous words, "Je tiens J.-J. Rousseau!" Had he really "got" him, with Ramsay's aid? We shall never know how good the likeness is. The National Gallery of Scotland has "got" it, and our collector must put up with an engraving. Martin's he cannot fail to envy for its art, but if he compares it minutely with a photograph direct from Ramsay, he will discover fatal aberrations, the parent of countless others in the long line of repetitions. Not without reason did Rousseau censure it for the eyes, which if not Cyclopic, are larger and more open, are lighter, and have none of the rather beady expression of the painting. This change carries the eyebrows and forehead higher, affects the width of the head, alters the angular curve of the Armenian bonnet, thickens the upper lip of the wonderfully sensitive mouth, and in other ways departs from the model. Yet no expense was spared to command the best talent for this copy.

Photography, which enables us to make this damaging comparison, also paves the way for a nearer

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approach to a trustworthy engraving. The defects we have noticed may have been those of the draughtsman combined with the engraver's. It is now possible to photograph upon the wood-block, and to have the base as true as the camera can make it. This has actually been done within the past few weeks by the indefatigable Gustav Kruell, and we are prepared to say that here and now for the first time in any country has Ramsay's portrait been engraved in a manner to inspire confidence, as well as in the highest style of art. It comes in good time, for in 1912 the world will be celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rousseau.

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THE "new criticism" displayed in these needlessly bulky volumes turns out to be an enlargement and confirmation of the same author's contention in her "Studies in the France of Voltaire and Rousseau," published in 1895, from which one whole chapter is excerpted, with modifications, on the subject of Rousseau's children and his putting away of them (I, 140). While, in the course of her minute argument, she touches almost every phase of Jean Jacques's career, but unevenly, the work is not for those who would seek in it a first acquaintance with the man whose two hundredth birth anniversary will be celebrated six years hence. Such as are, on the contrary, already more or less familiar with his biography in its broader outlines, will find their profit in Mrs. Macdonald's challenge of the defaming of Rousseau's personality — both among his contemporaries and by too subservient latter-day accepters of the legend invented by them, notably Sainte-Beuve, Saint-Marc Girardin, E. Scherer, John Morley, and Perey and Maugras.

It is upon the decades 1746-66 that her searchlight is principally directed. In this period were painted

¹ *Jean Jacques Rousseau : A New Criticism.* By Frederika Macdonald. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. From the *Nation*, December 27, 1906, vol. 83, p. 556.

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the only two authentic likenesses of her hero that have come down to us, — the La Tour pastel of 1753, of which one may see a replica in the Musée Rath at Geneva, and the Ramsay oil painting made at Hume's instance in London in 1766, and now in the National Gallery at Edinburgh. In the interesting group of portraits and views gathered in these volumes we miss the La Tour, a smiling, affable face, surmounted by a peruke, a figure clothed in the upper fashion of the day, whom it is the author's mission to restore as essentially amiable and not misanthropic — least of all, the ingrate, the monster, the savage of the Philosophers who secretly blackened him while alive, and poisoned public and even scholarly opinion regarding him as soon as he was in his grave and before his dreaded "Confessions" appeared. Mrs. Macdonald is up to date with a photographic reproduction from Ramsay's canvas, which she takes over from the current *Annales* of the new Genevan Société J.-J. Rousseau, appending to it, however, Rousseau's opprobrious after-judgment of it as one more proof of Hume's false friendship and malignity. In it, to be sure, we no longer see the world-bright aspect of the famous premiated author of the "Discours sur les Sciences et les Arts," the musician who was delighting the Court with his "Devin du Village," but the outcast seeking on English soil a final refuge from Continental persecution, conscious of the con-

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spiracy to hound and to silence him, over-suspicious, gloomy, clad in Armenian costume of cap and gown. One might fairly say that it is the battle between these two portraits (of which Ramsay's is undeniably the more fascinating) into which Mrs. Macdonald plunges with an ardor that may be thought needless in our time, and with a diligent pursuit of error and falsehood worthy of all praise. Her method is to nail every lie, principal or subsidiary, as she proceeds; in her own words (II, 314): "The method of testing the truth of this libel is to state the facts, and to give the documents which establish the truth of the statement." The result is an extraordinarily rich assortment of first-hand evidence, most convenient to the use of the student, sometimes in translation, but abundantly in French, often in both languages; and at times Mrs. Macdonald (as if by an unconscious lapse) even connects in French of her own the passages she is transcribing from the original. Is it, for example, the question whether Rousseau committed suicide, by shooting? We have given us in French the official reports to the contrary, at the time, of the autopsy (by his own desire), of the burial; the touching account of his last days and natural death by M. le Bègue de Presle; and, finally, the record of the opening in December, 1897, of Rousseau's coffin in the Panthéon (along with Voltaire's), which settled forever the falsity of the charge of suicide. And again:

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the *Annales* having furnished fresh documents from the *jongleur* Tronchin's papers regarding this "worse than foe, an alienated friend's" machinations against Rousseau, Mrs. Macdonald arrays for the first time in chronological order the letters between the celebrated physician and Rousseau leading up to the breach of friendship and of correspondence.

Mrs. Macdonald is entitled to all that she claims for herself in the way of research. If she sought vainly in the Paris libraries for a copy of A. A. Barbier's alleged analysis of Mme. d'Épinay's posthumous Memoirs prior to Brunet's doctoring of them for publication, she discovered in 1896 the Brunet MS. in the Bibliothèque Historique de la Ville de Paris (by which it was acquired at a sale as late as 1885), and was thus enabled to lay bare the whole history of the printed work which has so imposed its authority on the critics and biographers of the past century. To this discovery we owe the genesis of the present work, which might fairly have been designated "Rousseau and Mme. d'Épinay"; for wide as are the ripples in Mrs. Macdonald's pool, the Memoirs are the pebble from which they all circle out. She was led to scrutinize anew the original MS. (of which Brunet's was a fair copy), curiously divided between the Archives and the Arsenal Library, and styled in the former portion "Lettres de Mme. de Montbrillant." She was able to identify, besides the hand of the amanu-

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ensis, that of Mme. d'Épinay herself under duress and that of Diderot, who by insertions, interlineations, marginal corrections, and especially by a series of curt notes directing alterations, which were slavishly complied with, achieved a deeper denigration of "René" (Rousseau) in the censor's own interest. The proofs of this tampering are afforded by facsimiles which leave no doubt on the subject, and by tracing to the Brunet MS. (proceeding from one of Grimm's secretaries) and the printed *Memoirs* the interpolations concocted as above. Old *cahiers* of what the Germans would call an *Ur-manuscript* survived in sufficient numbers to show the patchwork process.

Here was Mrs. Macdonald's touchstone, and she applies it mercilessly and convincingly to Brunet's conscienceless product (which changed the work from its form of a romance to that of serious history, and supplied the real names). No one had done this before her, though MM. Perey and Maugras had the chance, and lost it through dulness or bias. She applies it to Diderot's "Tablet" exhibiting Rousseau's "seven rascalities," all of them embodied in the D'Épinay recension. She applies it with equal effectiveness to the story of the offer of the Hermitage — shown to be not a part of the author's first narration — and quotes copiously from the *Memoirs* in this critique. She applies it to the problem of the au-

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thorship of the anonymous letter apprising St.-Lambert of Rousseau's passion for his mistress, Mme. d'Houdetot (Mme. d'Épinay's cousin and sister-in-law); to the crimes against Grimm with which Rousseau was charged; to Diderot's pseudo-letter to the latter, which Grimm welcomed as a tidbit for his *Correspondance Littéraire*, and which, Mrs. Macdonald discovers, was rejected by the censor of Mme. d'Épinay's relation. She unmasks Grimm in his secret disfigurement of Rousseau in the *Correspondance*; among her minor discoveries being a list of paid subscribers, in Grimm's papers now in the Bibliothèque Nationale. In this section of the nobility is found Horace Walpole, author of the shameless forgery of a letter from Frederick II to Rousseau which Hume (whether or no he had a hand in it) found a mere "pleasantry" — Frederick, whom Grimm carefully served with the *Correspondance*, and (we have his word for it) hoped to turn against Rousseau by his libels.

For Grimm and Diderot Mrs. Macdonald has no forgiveness, and she is right. Towards Voltaire she shows a leniency derivable from her general admiration for this co-worker with the foregoing, though his abuse was more obscene than theirs, and his forgeries worse than Walpole's, and though he stooped to inform the Council of Geneva against Rousseau (and to deny the act), and was not unjustly denomi-

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nated by his victim as "the chief of my persecutors." The appendix note with which Volume II concludes is devoted to Voltaire, and is among the most interesting of all. In it is cited an argumentative *pastiche* of Rousseau upon Voltaire, as to his intolerance, fully equal in verisimilitude and mordancy to Voltaire's epigrammatic tirade against Rousseau's paradoxes and inconsistencies. Mrs. Macdonald's apology for Voltaire — virtually that he was under the deceitful influence of Grimm and Diderot — is substantially what she extends to Mme. d'Épinay, finding her never an enemy of Rousseau who sought to do him harm, and essentially a good woman, in spite of her sexual immorality, which was but the character of her time and society. With this view we have no disposition to quarrel: indeed, we may borrow an illustration of its justice from M. Philippe Godet's recent exhaustive and absorbing study of "Mme. de Charrière et ses Amis." This brilliant Dutchwoman (who sat to La Tour for her portrait while Rousseau was sitting to Ramsay), when still unmarried, entertained a furious Platonic friendship and correspondence with Constance d'Hermenches, uncle of her future lover, Benjamin Constant. D'Hermenches, whose *galantries* were perfectly well known to her, was ill mated and chafing for divorce in the interest of new amours. The lady, nevertheless, was quite ready to marry him if he were free.

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On one occasion she had to reprove him for a piece of petty domestic cruelty. She could overlook, she said, his infidelities, as they were inherent in the frailty of human nature — “but it is so easy to refrain from beating your wife’s dog.” In truth, these infidelities spoke very little concerning the individual character of the man she was censuring, whereas the incident selected was a veritable index of it.

To return to Grimm & Co., their very language, faithfully reported here, set in comparison with Rousseau’s meeting of their perfidious calumnies, should convince any one of his self-restraint and his peace-loving and forgiving disposition. Voltaire shows even worse by contrast to one who ever remained his admirer and contributed to his statue, and whose denunciations were moral judgments, never mere invective and outrage. Heartless, indeed, was the spirit that could write of the poor fugitive from state to state (II, 341): “Jean-Jacques, décrété à Paris et à Genève, convaincu qu’un corps ne peut être en deux lieux à la fois, s’enfuit dans un troisième.” Let any reader of Mrs. Macdonald pass direct to the body of Rousseau’s correspondence to satisfy himself regarding the loveliness of the born musician, the born lover of nature, the amateur botanist — to mention no other gentle traits.

There remains the vexed question of Rousseau’s children sent to the foundling asylum, or “exposed”

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as Voltaire and his associates would have it. Mrs. Macdonald tries hard not to sophisticate in her judgment of the fact, supposing it to be true, or of Rousseau's vindication of his unnatural behavior. She has claims to research here, also, for she went through the carefully kept registers of the *Enfants-Trouvés* without finding any entry even in the case of the first child, which Rousseau had provided with a card of recognition. She found a Rousseau of right date, but not to be considered, and she is now inclined to settle down in the not unreasonable faith of Dr. J. Roussel (chap. ix of *John Grand-Carteret's "J.-J. Rousseau jugé par les Français d'aujourd'hui,"* 1890), that the congenital malady which was Rousseau's life-long torment and led him to adopt the Armenian dress, was incompatible with procreation. Was he under an illusion regarding there having been any births? This seems incredible. Rousseau steadfastly maintained that he had not left his children in the streets, but assumed full responsibility for transferring them directly to the asylum through the medium of the midwife, and manifested a proper remorse for what he considered a humane deed under the circumstances. There remains another hypothesis suggested by an unsupported story (II, 308) of his having assured Moulton, by all that was sacred, that he had never had any children — meaning that the foundlings were bastards, even if before the world

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he accepted the rôle of putative father? The mystery will never be solved. A reviewer in the *Athenæum* cites Édouard Rod's revelation (in his "L'Affaire J.-J. Rousseau") of the discovery in the archives of the Enfants-Trouvés of a notarial act in which, two years after Rousseau's death, or in 1780, the widow Thérèse abandoned her interest in the profits arising from the sale of the folio collection of Rousseau's musical compositions ("Les Consolations des Misères de ma Vie," Paris, 1781), for the eventual benefit of the Enfants-Trouvés. But had M. Rod examined the "Consolations" he would have observed that the profits were expressly designated for the Enfants-Trouvés, with no mention of Thérèse, who may nevertheless have been provided for, and who thus discounted before publication the benefits contemplated in her case. Had Mrs. Macdonald done likewise, she could hardly have failed to moralize on the list of patrons of a work to serve as a monument to a precursor and promoter *par excellence* of the impending Revolution. It begins with the Queen, followed by Madame, the Countess d'Artois, the Duchess de Chartres, the Duchess de Bourbon, the Princess de Lamballe (of dreadful memory); and can we believe our eyes when we find among the subscribing Paris nobility and gentry the mocking signature of "Grimm (M. le Baron de), Ministre Plénipotentiaire de Saxe-Gotha"?

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It is no fault of Mrs. Macdonald's if Rousseau's prediction be not verified: "O! quand un jour le voile sera tiré, que la postérité m'aimera! qu'elle bénira ma mémoire!" We believe it will, and could wish that his admirer might have possessed greater literary skill, been less prolix and repetitious, less exasperating in her punctuation, more exacting of her printer in the French extracts, more endowed with typographic sense, though many will thank her for the bold body type, even when long quotations demanded a smaller. She has made some slips in reading her MS., some in translation. The most important source she appears to have neglected is François Meunier's "*Madame de Warens et J.-J. Rousseau*" (1902?), though she has taken "Maman's" portrait from it, perhaps. At page 125 of Volume I she accepts Rousseau's account of "summer months spent at Les Charmettes, . . . where Rousseau had only the society of the adored Mme. de Warens and the companionship of his own thoughts and of nature." M. Meunier's researches tend to show that "Maman" made him a convenient exile in that Elysium, and that (p. 358) "*l'idylle des Charmettes n'a jamais existé*" except in Rousseau's imagination. But this has no relation to Mrs. Macdonald's main purpose. Her work is an honor to her head and heart, and, as a repository, is indispensable to every Rousseau library.

A TALK TO LIBRARIANS¹

SINCE my discourse is in the nature of an apology for being here at all, perhaps you will pardon my mention of a trade forced upon me, and held in some esteem by you, namely, that of index-maker. The drudgery has been mine to index the *Nation* for now nearly forty years, that is to say, from the very beginning; and I am at this moment engaged upon the seventy-ninth of the series. Candor compels me to add that I once received a wiggling for my poor performance from my cherished friend, Cutter, so late as his directorship of the Forbes Library in Northampton; but my defence was ready. The Index, I truthfully explained, was designed for my own convenience in the office, and if I shared it with the public they should accept it in peace and thankfulness. The truth is, the execution depended, and still depends, on considerations partly personal, as relating to an overworked man, and partly economic. Even so, these *Nation* indexes will no doubt be my chief monument of usefulness; while for mere craftsmanship I have done something better in numerous books

¹ Extract from an Address before the New Jersey Library Association at Orange, N. J., October 19, 1904.

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to which I have supplied the clues. Perhaps in your final classification you will at least give me a place beside my eccentric friend, the late William M. Griswold, whose disinterested labors in the indexical field are at once exasperating and indispensable.

A further claim upon your hospitality to-day is the fact that I am an author; in other words, a part of the very foundation of your professional existence, since no books, no librarians. And you will take the more kindly to me in view of the philanthropic cast of your public service, of those high ideals for the general elevation of the community which the associated librarians of America have more and more tended to set above the mere mechanism of their trust; for inheritance and fate have combined to make me a preacher, without robes or pulpit. And when at times I have been oppressed with a sense of futile endeavor in addressing my own age and generation; when I have seen the trend of my countrymen towards pride, ambition, the love of noisy display, the love of conquest, the defence of war, the contempt of what makes for peace, the flouting of national creeds once held sacred, the lust of gain, the permeation of our whole political life by the spirit of bribery and graft, then I have said to myself, Let us turn our backs on those too old to unlearn; let us try to form the infant mind and conscience for nobler things. In this mood I have

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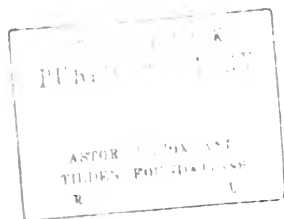
produced two or three books which some of you may have handled in your children's department, and to which I like to flatter myself some youthful reader will look back as the source of salutary inspiration for right principle and right conduct, and be able to enumerate them among the "Books that have helped *me*."

When I seek to make up such a list for myself, I invariably begin with Rousseau's "Émile," the purchase of which, in connection with this writer's complete works, was almost my first step towards accumulating a culture library — that is, one got together on conscious lines of interest, with reference to previous foundation, and so, in a way, representative of my own individuality. The reading of this book I owed in the first instance to the Boston Public Library. The knowledge of it I acquired in a manner that may be worth relating. Mr. Darwin, in a passage in his Autobiography, speaks slightly of lectures, on the ground that he could have found the substance just as well in books. The view seems narrow for so broad a mind, and overlooks the power of personality to interest, to guide, to open new vistas for the intellect and the imagination. This was what happened to me. When Theodore Parker, stricken with consumption, was obliged to resign his ministerial charge in Boston, in 1859, no successor was thought of while a chance of recovery remained. His

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pulpit, however, was not closed, but was filled from Sunday to Sunday by such teachers, lay or clerical, as approved themselves to his congregation. It was my privilege to attend; but also, such was the Harvard College of my day, I was *obliged* to do so to comply with the college regulations, albeit I was under my parents' roof and several miles from Cambridge and the college grounds.

Under these circumstances I listened, in 1859 or 1860, in the Boston Music Hall, to a lecture (rather than a discourse or sermon) by Adolf Douai, author of a German Grammar of the time, which I had studied. His theme was Rousseau's immortal work on Education, called after the hero of it (for it is a semi-romance) "Émile." I presume I had never read a line of this author; it is certain that the book in question was then for the first time brought to my cognizance, and so effectively that I lost no time in procuring it from the Public Library, and eventually counted it among my most precious possessions. The reading of it profoundly affected my mode and habit of thought, and excited an interest in the cause of education which years have only confirmed. All my printed efforts in this direction are traceable to "Émile," or to a book which I might never have been induced to open but for the oral account of it given by Dr. Douai; and which the public library held ready for my hand.



THE NEW GULLIVER

Vox et præterea nihil

TO

H. V.

Quand les maux ou les ans auront mûri ce fruit éphémère, nous le laisserons tomber sans murmure ; et tout ce qu'il peut arriver de pis en toute supposition est que nous cesserons alors, moi d'aimer le bien, vous d'en faire.

Rousseau to Daniel Roguin, September 22, 1764.

“The New Gulliver” was printed in 1898 by Mr. Garrison, who explained the *motif* of it in a letter to his friend Mr. William R. Thayer, as follows:—

My little tract is first of all an evolutionary spike, aimed at the abominable Calvinistic theology. If we are but the highest outgrowth of the animal kingdom, there is no point along the line for the invention and interposition of heaven (for reward), hell (for punishment), or their respective presiding deities. Had we remained speechless like the apes, the Devil would have lost his job. Were we all to turn Shakers, his co-partnership with the Almighty would have to qualify itself as “Limited” (Gallicé, *complet*), for want of further material for torment after the race had voluntarily extinguished itself. The cataclysm does that for the Houyhnhnm folk. A few Krakatoas would do it for us.

Without speech, abstract thought can be carried but a little way, and ratiocination not far. Yet the glory of our development and differentiation from the beasts of the field has been used to terrify us with vain misgivings of a world to come, whereas we have invented ethics and religion along with our vocabulary. It is all of human manufacture, and man may criticise his own product.

The rubbish cleared away, we are left face to face with the old problems of the meaning of life and the possibility of another existence. For one, I utterly refuse to waste my time over the former. Towards the latter I keep an open mind and have “the will to believe,” and some evidences drawn from the much derided phenomena of spiritualism, whose *positive* teachings are so valueless. Above all, let us steer clear of superstition, and not be frightened by our own shadows.

INDICIA

C'était le temps où le bimane,
Vivant dans un champêtre enclos,
Avait le ton, la voix, l'organe,
Mais non les mots.

Potvin.

C'est à peu près la ruse des singes qui, disent les Nègres, ne veulent pas parler quoiqu'ils le puissent, de peur qu'on ne les fasse travailler.

Rousseau to Hume, March 29, 1766.

So truly as *language* is what man has made it, just so truly *man* is what language has made him.

George P. Marsh, Lectures on the English Language.

The whole appears to resolve itself into this — that Man is originally a four-footed creature, subject to the same mischances as the beasts of the forest.

Keats, Letter, April, 1819.

I said in mine heart it is because of the sons of men, that God may prove them, and that they may see that they themselves are but as beasts. For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them. As the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; and man hath no pre-eminence above the beasts: for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man whether it goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast whether it goeth downward to the earth?

Ecclesiastes, iii, 18-21.

Was bin ich, wenn ich nicht unsterblich bin? Entweder unsterblich oder weniger als Vieh.— *Eine Betrachtung . . . über*

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den Zustand der Menschen und des Viehes in dem engen Bezirk ihres Daseyns auf der Welt. Offenbach am Mayn, 1776.

Eutrapelus. — Finge igitur animam hominis demigrare in corpus galli gallinacei; num ederet vocem quam nunc edimus?

Fabulla. — Nequaquam.

E. — Quid obstaret?

F. — Quia desunt labra, dentes et lingua similis: nec epiglottis, nec tres adsunt cartilagine a tribus motæ musculis, ad quos pertinent nervi a cerebro demissi, nec fauces nec os simile.

E. — Quid si in corpus suis?

F. — Grunniret suillo more.

E. — Quid si in corpus cameli?

F. — Caneret ut canit camelus.

E. — Quid si in corpus asini, quod evenit Apuleio?

F. — Ruderet, opinor, ut asinus.

.

Fabulla. — Alioqui quidquid adhuc dixit [Aristoteles] de anima hominis, competit in asinum et bovem.

Eutrapelus. — Imo in scarabeum quoque et limacem.

F. — Quid igitur interest inter animam bovis et hominis?

E. — Qui dicunt animam nihil aliud esse quam harmoniam qualitatuum corporis, faterentur non ita multum interesse; videlicet, harmonia soluta, perire animas utriusque. Ne ratione quidem distinguitur bovis ab hominis anima, sed quod boum minus sapit quam hominum; quemadmodum videre est et homines qui minus sapiunt quam bos.

F. — Næ isti bubulam habent mentem.

.

Eutrapelus. — Idem agit scarabei anima in suo corpore. Nam quod quædam aliter aut aliud agit anima hominis quam scarabei, partim in causa est materia. Non canit, non loquitur scarabeus, quia caret organis ad hæc idoneis.

Fabulla. — Illud igitur dicis: si anima scarabei demigraret in corpus hominis idem ageret quod agit anima humana.

Erasmus, Colloquia: Puerpera.

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Negas tu quidem, sed aliud dicturi sint equi, si loqui liceat.

Erasmus, Colloquia: Herilia jussa.

Goethe spoke of the Horse — how impressive, almost affecting, it was that an animal of such qualities should stand obstructed so; its speech nothing but an inarticulate neighing, its handiness mere *hoofiness*, the fingers all constricted, tied together, the finger-nails coagulated into a mere hoof, shod with iron.

Carlyle, Past and Present.

Ye have no more religion than my horse.

(Pseudo-)Cromwell to Long Parliament.

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained . . .

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.

Walt Whitman.

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MR. THEOPHILUS BROCKLEBANK, a graduate of Yale College and later a member of the Rocky Mountain exploring party of 1873, had finally decided between his predilections for science and for linguistics in favor of the latter, and betaken himself to Germany, where he zealously pursued his studies for two years. At the end of that time his health became a concern which could no longer be disregarded, and, his physician having recommended an ocean voyage, he embarked for the East via the Suez Canal. On his arrival in Bombay in the first week of August, 1876, he was met by the news of Stanley's appearance at Ujiji, after a twelvemonth's eclipse among the waters of the two Nyanzas; and, obeying a sudden whim, and resisting the temptations which India offered to a student of Sanskrit, he took a chance passage to Zanzibar on a sailing-vessel carrying no European except the officers and part of the crew. On the twentieth day out, in the early morning, a storm such as the Indian Ocean is an adept in breeding was encountered, and the solitary passenger, climbing, staggering, and tumbling on deck, understood at a glance that death was not far off. The

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ship lay almost on her beam ends, her rent canvas flying in long streamers, and the sea breaking over her in fury. Theophilus had no sooner taken in the situation than a wave heavier and more resistless than the rest swept him over the stern, and when he had risen to the surface the ship was no longer in sight. A mass of floating stuff immediately surrounded him, and he was fortunately able to seize and cling to a spar which for the moment assured his preservation.

Brocklebank was a good swimmer and possessed a cool head, and when the tempest had spent itself, which it did in a short hour, he managed to get astride the spar in order to rest his arms as well as for a wider prospect. He was not a little cheered by the unexpected sight of a low, sandy shore, fringed with woods, to the leeward, towards which repeated observation showed that he was steadily drifting. He tried to recall from the chart the probable name of the island (for such he was forced to regard it from his daily study of the ship's course), but to no purpose. It would have been pleasant to fancy it Zanzibar, but delusive also, as Theophilus well knew. Still, whatever the land might be called, it was the only hope of rescue from his present predicament. As the shore grew more distinct, he imagined he saw huts upon it, and an animal moving rather rapidly along the beach; and then, in the very act of strain-

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ing his eyes to confirm their first report, he felt that the current had taken a turn and was hurrying the spar back out to sea.

Less than a mile (as he judged) lay between him and the yellow sands, and with characteristic decision he resolved to swim it. So, casting off everything likely to impede his progress, and sighting a towering tree as his goal, he plunged in and struck out, exerting himself only so much as seemed necessary for headway. The effort was still not inconsiderable for his untried muscles, and the force of the current slightly increased as he neared the strand. By degrees his strength began to fail him, and his heart also; his endurance almost ceased to be voluntary, and when, as the reward of it, a thin line of breakers alone remained to be overcome, he felt his muscles and his mind refuse their office together, was barely conscious of being seized firmly by the collar of his vest and pulled through the foaming waters, and then swooned quite away.

When he awoke, he was lying at the foot of his great tree; an earthen bowl of milk stood beside him, and at a little distance he saw, seated upon its haunches and viewing him with a respectful curiosity and (as he thought) sympathy, a dapple-gray horse of rare intelligence of expression. That Theophilus had fully recovered his senses was evidenced by his involuntary exclamation — “A Houyhnhnm!”

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At this the attentive steed pricked up his ears, and the mad fancy occurred to the shipwrecked philologist that he would put to the test some speculations in which he had indulged at Berlin, when arguing with Professor Friedrich Weber that the science of language should not acknowledge itself inferior to that of anatomy: that if Cuvier could reconstruct an animal from a few bones, or from a single one, a Bopp should be able to frame a grammar and even a vocabulary from materials not less scanty.

"For example," said Theophilus, "Gulliver has left us not more than a dozen and a half words of the language of the Houyhnhnms, yet I venture to believe that I can show how their parts of speech were formed and inflected, and in what direction we have to look for roots not indicated by Gulliver."

Any other than a German professor would have stared at the propounder of such a thesis, but Brocklebank was encouraged by Weber to proceed, and the result was, that he gave himself to the task for a fortnight with consuming ardor, and in the end produced roots, words, phrases, a system of syntax which the good professor could not call in question — though he could not, with Gulliver, discover in it any affinity to the High Dutch — and which our Theophilus never dreamed that he should have an opportunity of demonstrating.

He now, not without stammering, and in as great

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fear of faulty accent and grammatical solecisms as if he were addressing a member of the French Academy, began to accost his preserver; at first with thanks, which he instantly perceived to be comprehended, though, whether from high breeding or from sheer amazement, the noble animal said nothing in response. It was necessary for Theophilus to go further.

"I am," he ventured, "in the same plight with Gulliver —"

At the sound of this name the horse quivered with delight. He rose to his feet, gently pushed the bowl of milk nearer to the shipwrecked man, as if begging him to partake, and asked, speaking very slowly and distinctly,

"Do I see the son of Gulliver?"

"No," answered Theophilus, checking his amusement by the thought that the term of life of a foreign Yahoo might well be unknown to his interlocutor; and vastly pleased withal that he had indeed rediscovered the land of the famous voyager. "No, there are so many lives between us" (holding up eight fingers, for he was a little weak in the Houyhnhnm numerals); "nor am I of his countrymen, though I speak the same language."

"His name," said the dapple-gray, "has been handed down to us and is known of all, and it was my ancestor who first met and befriended him. His

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coming marks the greatest change in our thoughts and beliefs. We are accustomed, for certain purposes, to date before and after Gulliver. Perhaps you can tell us of him?"

"His fate is obscure," replied Theophilus warily. "He returned to England, his native country, where he lived to relate the story of his adventures on this island, which was scoffed at as pure invention by the most, but which he authenticated by the difficulty he found in reconciling himself to live with his fellow-Yahoos, even with his own wife. Should I ever be restored to my native land (which Englishmen settled), I should rejoice to report the progress you have made in the meantime."

The labor of putting these ideas in shape in the language of the Houyhnhnms was, for Brocklebank, almost as exhausting as his struggle with the breakers. He took a copious draught of milk and lay down, while the considerate beast resumed his sitting posture near him.

"Rest, Gulliver," he said. And then, "But I must no longer confound you. By what name should you be called?"

Brocklebank found, to his great satisfaction, that his surname gave the steed even less trouble to pronounce, after two or three repetitions, than that of Gulliver; and, having expressed his desire, while recovering his strength, to hear about the revolution

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produced by Gulliver's visit, he reclined at his ease while the dapple-gray retailed the history of the island since the days of good Queen Anne. But, that the narrative might have a definite point of departure — "Gulliver reported," said Theophilus, "that, shortly before he left this country, your Grand Council debated whether the Yahoos should be exterminated, and were so nearly of that mind that your ancestor felt compelled to dismiss Gulliver. When, if I may, I go up with you to the city, I shall see with my own eyes what has become of the Yahoos. Meanwhile, let us begin with them."

"You have," said the dapple-gray, "put your finger on the source of the great transformation which has come over us. I have heard my grandfather tell that while it was still unsettled what policy should be enforced towards the Yahoos, and not long after Gulliver had put to sea, the country was invaded, as formerly by the Yahoos from the mountains, now by a troop of diminutive four-toed Houyhnhnms (I use the name for your understanding) — a creature undreamt of, issuing from remote swamps; in numbers to be compared only with rats. The words of remonstrance which in all reasonableness we addressed to them for overrunning our plantations were not intelligible to them, nor did they appear to have any language of their own, beyond vague cries, nor any arts or civic organization. In short,

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while we were deliberating whether to exterminate the Yahoos, we were in danger of being ourselves exterminated by creatures bearing our own image, but manifestly devoid of reason, justice, or moderation.

“By the utmost exercise of force, in which the Yahoos themselves were found indispensable, we succeeded in destroying a great many, and in driving back to their fastnesses all but a few, who were retained captive from curiosity, and some of whose descendants I will presently show you as we go up to the town. But it was impossible after that for us to entertain the same ideas concerning ourselves or the world about us. We compared ourselves with the four-toed enemy, and observed a difference in mental capacity and behavior like that observed in the case of our own Yahoos and of Gulliver. This not only confirmed the belief in our own perfection, but led the more inquisitive to speculate on the causes of the favor we enjoyed over all created beings. My ancestor, remembering his conversations with Gulliver, conceived there might be something in the idea of a Great Spirit as entertained by the foreign Yahoos; and, the doctrine being urged, a division by and by arose that has lasted to this time, though there are now few who deny the existence of a Supreme Houyhnhnm. Do you understand what I mean?”

“Perfectly,” answered Theophilus; “he is what we call God.”

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“Had we stopped there,” continued the dapple-gray, “all might have been well; but from that speculation we passed to considerations of what happened after death—whether we should live again in another form not subject to suffering and decay; whether, as we maintained degrees of subordination here,—the white, sorrel, and iron-gray being in the lower station, and not admitted to intermarriage,—the same thing would hold in a future life, or even whether there would be any future life for the lower grades. Upon this, other divisions grew up, some affirming and others denying a future life, and the lower orders maintaining their right to it on an equality with the higher. Hence a disturbance of the old relations, frequent controversies over rank and duties, attempts to intermarry, and such passions and disorders that it began to be seen that a future life on this pattern would not be worth having.

“A new sect sprang up, having for its doctrine that the future life was indeed for all Houyhnhnms, but that some, the rational-minded, would have a tranquil and happy existence, while the turbulent and contentious would be visited with everlasting punishment. Such a compromise furnished a mode of return to our old harmony so far as that all were given a chance of a blissful hereafter, and it has been adopted by all save a small minority, who profess simple ignorance of the whole matter. These are

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generally regarded (by myself among others) as certain to be damned eternally, notwithstanding their good behavior during their life here.

“But the day is advancing, and we should be going up to my house — the same, only made over, which Gulliver shared.”

The way led through a park-like country with short vistas, along a well-beaten road, in a turn of which they came upon an enclosure of perhaps three acres, where were grazing, or running at large, the tiniest horses ever seen by the eye of man. They had the size of a fox, but were too far off to reveal their digits.

“Behold,” said the dapple-gray to Theophilus, whose conjecture had outstripped the announcement, “the degraded travesty of the Houyhnhnm!”

He would have passed on, but Brocklebank entreated him to stay for a nearer view of these extraordinary creatures. The beast good-naturedly complied, and of his native courtesy summoned help to drive the little troop towards the nearest portion of the field. Upon this appeared a number of Yahoos wanting little of the odious aspect ascribed to them by Gulliver, and proving that the race had not been exterminated. They had, the dapple-gray explained, been spared for their aid in driving off not only the four-toed invaders, but a later and more annoying (because tree-climbing) set of invaders of their own

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kind, though smaller and having tails, and whose very likeness made them (so it seemed to the lords of the island) more hateful to the Yahoos.

The keepers of the herd had no difficulty in bringing them to the paling, and Theophilus viewed with strange emotions what Darwin would have called a "living fossil," that had endured so long "from having inhabited a confined area, and from having been exposed to less varied, and therefore less severe, competition." He had no doubt that he saw in the flesh and in active motion that very *Orohippus major* (Marsh) whose bones, entombed in the Eocene formation of Wyoming, he had with his own hands disengaged to be shipped to New Haven. There were the four toes before and the three behind, and there were the large canine teeth, indicating that the mouth still remained the animal's chief defence for want of the vigorous single-toed hoof of *Equus*. Theophilus explained to his guide, as well as he could, the strange circumstance, and was no less surprised than delighted when told that some carcasses, having escaped detection for burial, had been picked clean by rodents and insects, and the skeletons thus prepared had been saved in a museum not far off.

In fact, the building which answered to this name contained not only the skeletons in question, but (such had been the growth of curiosity since Gulliver's day among the Houyhnhnms) of asses, cows,

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and even some of the Houyhnhnms themselves, and, along with skeletons of the monkey incursionists, others of the Yahoos. He therefore examined with much interest the bones of *Orohippus*, when his quick eye detected a rudimentary fifth toe that he had overlooked in the living animal, and, pointing it out to his guide, he held up his five fingers to suggest the parallelism. Such a genus had not been unearthed in America, and he was charmed with the thought that he might some day connect his name with it, little dreaming that, at that very moment, Huxley was predicting to a New York audience its ultimate discovery (in his last lecture on "The Direct Evidence of Evolution"), and that Professor Marsh would promptly bring to light from the lowest Eocene deposits his five-toed *Eohippus*.

"I see," said Theophilus to his equine friend, "that the resemblance of your own bodies to those of your little enemy has not escaped the notice of your savants who have mounted these bones here. Still more would it strike you if you could see, as I have seen in my country, a row of skeletons beginning with four toes and ending with Houyhnhnms, and passing through all the intervening sizes. From that we make bold to say that the one-toed is derived from the four-toed (or, as I now perceive, from the five-toed)."

"The absurdity is worthy of a Yahoo," said the

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dapple-gray with some irritation, "and it would not be prudent to mention such an idea to anybody but myself. This foreign race has neither mind nor reason; has at most a blind instinct like that of rats, rabbits, or *our* Yahoos."

"But," said Theophilus, "looking at the series grading off into each other, it is hard to believe that there is any essential difference among them, and my countrymen do in fact connect them together, while acknowledging the Houyhnhnms to be much the most advanced and noble creation. We put it in this way: we ask ourselves, Would the inhabitants of another world, entering our museums and studying these skeletons, suspect any difference—I do not say in mind or reason, but in community of origin?"

"Perhaps not," answered the dapple-gray, "but this would only prove how little such rubbish has to tell. Can these five-toed dwarfs build houses, cultivate the soil, make vessels of clay, compose poetry, or calculate eclipses? Judge, then, how impassable is the gulf between us. Greater than all distinctions, however, — as great as between you Gullivers and *our* Yahoos, — is the destiny assigned to each, proving that we are separate creations, with no other than an accidental outward resemblance. For who can believe that these brutes are to live hereafter, or, more ridiculous still, that they are damnable by the Supreme Houyhnhnm?"

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Theophilus felt that the debate was approaching dangerous ground. Still,

“How can you be so sure of that?” he inquired.

“Because salvation and damnation are reserved for creatures possessing a moral sense.”

“But is the moral sense lacking in such as live peaceably among themselves, albeit without arts and the higher knowledge? Do not even your Yahoos obey you, as your servant class does, and is there not something of morality in their subordination, however much inspired by fear?”

“You waste your breath,” said the steed; “there can be no moral sense without language. But for that, you Gullivers would have remained simple Yahoos.”

“I am glad,” remarked Theophilus with a smile, “that you leave us some hope of a future existence.”

“I am not certain as to that: it is a question which I do not recall ever having heard debated. But of one thing I am positive, that you are, and (if you live again) will be, held accountable for your misdeeds, whereas it would be the height of the ridiculous thus to hold our Yahoos, who simply act out their own imperfect natures.”

“Your perfection, suffer me to say, seems to me to hang upon a very slender difference between yourselves and your five-toed enemies, who, if they cannot converse among themselves, have yet a voice,

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and cries of warning, rage, and affection, that are intelligible to them and easy to be understood by us."

"Be the difference small or great," responded the dapple-gray tartly, and after a pause, "it is enough."

"But," urged Theophilus, "suppose you only *acquired* your power of speech?"

"Impossible! It needed a special act of creation. The Supreme Houyhnhnm purposely drew the line. Think of the infinite trouble of judging the deserts of cows, weasels, rabbits, fish, and Yahoos!"

"What!" exclaimed Brocklebank, "you actually boast of a possession which, while it crowns your perfection, brings you in danger of everlasting punishment?"

"And do you do otherwise?" retorted the steed. "Look," he continued, pointing to the skeletons of monkeys and Yahoos; "would your planetary visitor not see a likeness in these creatures to yourself, and infer a common origin with as much certainty as your wise heads make a series beginning with Houyhnhnms and ending with our five-toed counterfeits? Tell me, do you ascribe a moral sense to these long-tailed Yahoos — I had almost said Gullivers? Or do they perhaps speak in your country?"

"They have no language."

"Well, then, do you allow them a moral sense?"

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do you concern yourselves about what becomes of them hereafter?"

"We do not," confessed Brocklebank — "nor," he was tempted to add, "about our Houyhnhnms, to whom we at least atone for all the hardship and cruelty we visit upon them, by sparing them the glorious privilege of eternal punishment in another existence."

"And wherein does *your* perfection lie if not in speech alone? and is it not by speech that you are damned, and by want of it that they escape?"

Brocklebank in his turn was silent, and there leaped to mind a saying of the savages of Luzon, with regard to the apes, that they do not speak for fear of being obliged to pay taxes. At length he resumed:

"As respects the future life, perhaps it might have been better if language had been denied us."

"That is neither here nor there. You would have us Houyhnhnms acknowledge our kinship with dumb beasts having an outward resemblance to ourselves not greater than that between yourselves and these tailed Yahoos, whom, nevertheless, you do not deny that you do not include in your scheme of morality in this life, or of salvation in the next."

"I must admit," said Brocklebank, "that our perfection rests on the same basis as yours — that is, on language; and that theology was invented for those who talk. We have an old poem containing

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the Debate of the Body and the Soul, which hints at this. 'I should,' says the Body —

“I should have been but as the sheep,
Or like the oxen or the swine,
That eat and drink, and lie and sleep,
Are slain, and after know no pain;
Nor money cared to win or keep,
Nor knew the odds of well or wine,
Nor now be bound to hell's deep,
But for those cursed wits of thine!”

Yet the trouble, after all, lay not with the Soul's wits, but with the Body's vocal organs — for we cannot deny wits (i. e., intelligence, comprehension, ideas) to the dumb creation.”

Even as he spoke, Theophilus observed a strange agitation in his companion, who, by virtue of his four feet, was soonest conscious of a trembling of the earth which quickly grew until to the human sense also it was plainly perceptible. Both hurried to the doorway of the museum, through which the Houyhnhnm might easily have preceded, but he civilly refused the advantage, and Brocklebank — not more by his own volition than by his momentum — passed out, and just in time, for the hut fell at that instant, entangling the belated and self-sacrificing steed. The shocks were now so violent that Brocklebank, longing in vain to extricate his two-fold saviour, could not stand upright. The sky was overcast. In

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the distance a light like that of an eruption was visible. The cries of the Yahoos were heard on all sides, mingled with neighing and the bellowing of kine. Theophilus was aware of a general movement of creeping things past him shoreward, then of a reflex movement, as of the sea pursuing. In fact, the land was sinking; and, as he stood up to meet his fate, he was lifted upon the flood. The subsidence was gradual, but effective, and in a few hours there was nothing left of the civilization or the race of the Houyhnhnms, or of their peculiar theology, for which the universe had now no further need.

While all this was going on, the passengers on the steamer *Sheol*, Burnham master, from Port Darwin bound for Liverpool, were terrified by successive shocks, which they at first interpreted, as did the captain himself, to mean that the vessel had grounded, but to which they presently assigned the true cause in some neighboring earthquake. Towards the close of the afternoon an extraordinary shoal of carcasses, mostly horses, was encountered — so great that no foundered ship could have contained them all. In the midst of them, on a sort of natural raft, a half-clothed human form, more dead than alive, was descried; and, a boat having been lowered, it proved to be no other than our American, who was taken on board and tenderly restored.

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Brocklebank reached New York by Thanksgiving day, which he celebrated with his family in no perfunctory spirit, while they were not a little alarmed for his sanity by his strange recital of what had befallen him. He paid an early visit to Professor Marsh at New Haven, and was dumfounded by the sight of *Eohippus* already set up in its place. Fearing that scientist's incredulity, he kept silent about his experience with the "living fossil," and contented himself with volunteering to join the next Yale expedition to the Rockies. Meanwhile, he pondered much on the theological problem which had survived the Houyhnhnm cataclysm, and set to work upon a treatise having for epigraph that query of Carlyle's, in the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," —

"Am I not a horse and *half*-brother?"

this couplet of Baudelaire's,

"Nous sommes des animaux,
Voilà mon système!"

and Darwin's

" — but man can do his duty";

and beginning with the following extract from the sixteenth chapter of Judd's "Margaret": —

"'What is God?' said Margaret one morning to the Master, who in his perambulations encountered her just as she was driving the cow to pasture, and helped her put up the bars.

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“‘God, God —’ replied he, drawing back a little, and thrusting his golden-headed cane under his arm and blowing his nose with his red bandanna handkerchief. ‘You shut your cow in the pasture to eat grass, don’t you, mea discipula?’ added he, after returning the handkerchief to his pocket, and planting himself once more upon his cane.

“‘Yes,’ she replied.

“‘What if she should try to get out?’

“‘We put pegs in the bars sometimes.’

“‘Pegs in the bars? ahem! Suppose she should stop eating, and, leaning her neck across the bars, cry out, “O you, Mater hominum bovumque! who are you? Why do you wear a pinafore?” — in other words, should ask after you, her little mistress; what would you think of that, hey?’

“‘I don’t know what I should,’ replied Margaret, ‘it would be so odd.’

“‘Cows,’ rejoined the Master, ‘had better eat the grass, drink the water, lie in the shade, and stand quietly to be milked, asking no questions.’”

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS
U . S . A

OCKER

APR 25 1990

